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NEW YORK JUNE 2 1900

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“GOOD-BY!”

A TRANSATLANTIC STEAMER, LADEN WITH SUMMER VOYAGERS TO EUROPE, CASTING OFF HER LINES AT THE NEW YORK WHARF

COLLIER'S

An Illustrated
Journal of ArtLiterature and
Current Events

WEEKLY

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New York June Second 1900

ANNOUNCEMENT

THE EDITOR begs to announce that Mr. Henry Reuterdaal, the American marine artist whose most effective work has appeared in recent numbers of COLLIER'S WEEKLY, will depart for Europe on the sixth of the present month, and will represent the WEEKLY abroad as special artist, for the purpose of preparing a series of drawings illustrating the navies of the world, ignoring the technicalities of structure and armament and depicting sailor life as it really is on board the foreign warships. Mr. Reuterdaal will picture the summer's naval review at Cherbourg and in the English Channel, the picturesque naval features of the Paris Exposition, the international regatta and sailing races at Havre and Cowes, social life on the ocean liners, and the rush homeward at the close of the season. This series of illustrations will be published during the summer and fall. They will constitute a brilliant résumé of the picturesque elements in the marine life of Europe.

THE MORE the frauds in the Cuban postal service are probed, the worse they look. There is now reason to fear that the total amount of money stolen may approach half a million dollars. It is an ill wind, however, that blows nobody any good, and one effect of the disclosure of our inability to teach the Cubans common honesty in office will be to arouse the American people to the necessity of fulfilling promptly our solemn promise and leaving Cuba to work out for herself the problems of self-government. Under the terms of the joint resolution passed by Congress on April 18, 1898, and signed by the President, our army and our office-holders have no business in Cuba except for the exclusive purpose of pacifying the island. As a matter of fact, since the evacuation of Havana by Captain-General Blanco in the early part of 1899, Cuba has been quite as tranquil as any part of the United States. This being a truth impossible to dispute, the organs of the Administration have pretended that our army officers and civil officials are indispensable for the purpose of instructing the Cubans by precept and example in the methods of honest administration. Now that we know how this particular business is transacted by the appointees, we can only say, Heaven save the mark! Our wrongdoing in Cuba, however, is not confined to the robberies committed by the employees in the post-office department. We have been using the Cuban revenues for the purpose of giving money allowances, houses, furniture, carriages and horses to certain

Generals, although the War Department is forbidden by law to do anything of the kind. The excuse made by Secretary Root is that the money spent for these purposes is derived, not from our Federal treasury, but from the Cuban revenues. We are in Cuba solely as trustees, and we have no right to expend a dollar of the island's income for any object not directly conducive to the island's well re. If our Generals, stationed in Cuba, needed money for entertaining purposes, it was the business of our Federal Executive to lay the matter before Congress and ask it to authorize a special appropriation. Why was not that done? We will answer. Because the War Department knew that, if it went into details, it could never persuade Congress to authorize the proposed lavish expenditures for money allowances, houses, furniture, carriages, horses, etc. It was evidently taken for granted that the unlawful outlay could be concealed until after the Presidential election. Fortunately, there is no government censorship in Cuba, and the representatives of American newspapers in that island cannot be prevented from obtaining facts and printing them.

THE DEPLORABLE exposure made of the conduct of American office-holders in Cuba excites dark suspicion with regard to the state of things at Manila and throughout the Philippines. The rigorous censorship maintained in that archipelago renders it impossible for the representatives of American newspapers to reveal anything likely to reflect on the behavior of the existing régime. Nobody, for instance, has yet been able to answer the question whether or not there was a serious defalcation in the Manila Custom House during the few months succeeding our occupation of the capital of Luzon. Neither is anybody able to explain, except upon the theory that certain contractors are able to purchase a monopoly, the extraordinary fact that beef lately brought \$1.50 per pound in Manila, while it could be procured in Hong Kong for 14 cents per pound. There was obviously room for a large dividend for somebody in the difference between the prices. Who got the dividend? We shall learn sooner or later. Unluckily, we may have to wait some time until the probe, which has already yielded dismal results in Cuba, shall have been applied to the Philippines. Curiously enough, whenever anybody proposes to investigate the Philippine revenues and their application, we are informed that the inquiry would be premature, because the islands are still in a state of war. At other times, when the efficiency of the military commanders is in question, we are assured that the war is over, and that there is nothing but sporadic and insignificant resistance to the law. There are two or three questions, however, which, soon or late, will have to be answered. For example: Have such allowances as have been made to Generals in Cuba been made also to Generals in the Philippines? The excuse given in the former case would not be applicable in the latter, for the revenues of the Philippine archipelago belong to the United States, and the War Department would clearly be violating a law of Congress if it gave to any General in the Philippines a penny in any form beyond the pay and allowances prescribed by statute. Then, again, one would like to see the postal service of the Philippines investigated. The employees of the post-office department have had far better opportunity of stealing at Manila and elsewhere in the Philippine archipelago than they have had in Cuba, close as the latter island is to the United States, and under a fire of publicity which no censorship can screen. We assume that the Administration means to adopt Grant's motto; or, in other words, that it will smoke the rascals out. It would be wise for the Federal Government not to leave the unearthing of scandals to its enemies, but to detect them itself and punish them promptly with an iron hand.

IT IS AN interesting question which has arisen in connection with the Commonwealth of Australia bill lately submitted to Parliament by Mr. Chamberlain, Secretary for the Colonies, but coupled with an amendment. We have previously described in these columns the principal features of the Federal organic law which was adopted by Tasmania and by all of the Australian colonies except Queensland and West Australia, and to which only the last-named colony is likely temporarily to refuse to subscribe. It resembles, as we have said, the Constitution of the United States in giving to each of the constituent colonies an equal representation in the Senate, and in establishing a Federal Supreme Court clothed with the power of pronouncing finally on the constitutionality of Federal and State legislation. Of course, the Australian Constitution differs from ours in one vital particular: namely, that it provides for a Parliamentary, instead of a Presidential, government. That is to say, the real Executive, or head of the Cabinet, is the man who can secure for the time being the confidence of the majority of the popular branch of the Legislature. That divergence from the American model is, of course, unavoidable, so long as the Governor-General of the Australian Commonwealth is not elected by the people, but is the mere nominee of the British Crown. Under the circumstances, of course, precautions must be taken to make him a mere figure-head, and to lodge all veritable power in the executive representative of the popular assembly. In one respect, the Australian Constitution differs decidedly from that of the Dominion of Canada, which is embodied in the British North America

Act. The Australians showed themselves determined to have not only executive and legislative, but also judicial independence. In the Dominion of Canada, an appeal lies from the highest courts to the judicial committee of the British Privy Council, even upon questions involving the interpretation of the Canadian Constitution. That is a state of things which the Australians refused for a moment to tolerate, and, accordingly, they inserted in their Federal Constitution a clause to the effect that no appeal shall be permitted to the Queen in Council in any matter involving the interpretation of the Australian Federal Constitution, or of the Constitution of any particular Australian State, unless the public interests of some part of her Majesty's dominions other than the Australian Commonwealth or an Australian State shall be involved. It is this clause which Mr. Chamberlain insists upon excising. He proposes to retain the right of appeal in all cases from the decisions of the highest court of the Australian Commonwealth to the Privy Council in London, and all that he offers in exchange is to give the colonies a minimized representation in that tribunal; that is to say, one representative each for Canada, Australia, South Africa and India. These representatives are to be made Lords of Appeal for seven years, and members of the House of Lords for life. We do not believe that this proposal will console the Australians for the demand that the interpretation of their Constitution by their own highest court shall be reviewable by the Privy Council. For two reasons: First, because, in the last-named tribunal, not only the Australians with their one member, but all the four dependencies, with their four members, would be overwhelmingly outvoted, even if they made a point of standing shoulder to shoulder, which can be, by no means, taken for granted. In the second place, the particular Australian selected to be a Lord of Appeal and member of the House of Lords would not be, in any genuine sense, representative of the Australian Commonwealth. There could be no true representation of the Australian Commonwealth, except through popular election. It is, of course, understood that the Australian Commonwealth bill, if saddled by Parliament with Mr. Chamberlain's amendment, is not worth the paper it is written on, until it has been again submitted to the popular vote in each of the Australian colonies.

IT IS NOT surprising that the discussion of this feature in the Australian Commonwealth bill has excited much attention in Canada. Far from applauding Mr. Chamberlain's amendment, the newspaper organs of the Liberal party take the ground that the Australian Commonwealth bill is an improvement on the British North America Act from a judicial point of view, and that the Canadian Constitution ought to be amended so as to confine the interpretation of that instrument to the Supreme Court of the Dominion, whose decision in such a case should not be reviewable at Westminster. Such, in truth, has long been the position assumed by the Canadian Liberals. When, under the Mackenzie Administration, the bill providing for the institution of a Canadian Supreme Court was introduced, an amendment was passed precluding appeals to the Privy Council. But the value of the amendment was subsequently annulled by an official denial of any intention to encroach upon the Queen's prerogative. As a matter of fact, the Queen has always permitted appeals to the Privy Council from the Supreme Court of the Dominion. Should, however, the Australians decide to renounce Confederation altogether, if the interpretation of their Federal Constitution is to be left to a tribunal in London, we may expect to see the Canadian Liberals assume a resolute attitude upon the question.

THERE SEEMS to be now no doubt that the Reichstag will pass the Navy bill, by which the additions to the German navy which, two years ago, were provided for seven years in advance, are to be doubled. This means that, unless our own appropriations for naval purposes are greatly increased, the German navy fifteen years hence will be much larger than our own. There is, however, a widespread impression among American naval officers and experts that we have nothing to fear from Germany, provided the latter's battleships and armored cruisers in a given engagement should not exceed our own in number and armament by more than two to one. We suppose there is no American Admiral who would not undertake to beat a German fleet at considerable odds. American seamanship and American gunnery may be trusted, probably, to overcome some ostensible preponderance; to say nothing of American invention, of which we have recently had an example in the soft-nosed bullet, which can penetrate the toughest Krupp armor as if it were a block of wood. We can look forward to many more achievements on the part of American inventors, and we trust that most of them will be kept to ourselves until a war with Germany breaks out. As a matter of fact, the soft-nosed bullet has been known to the experts of our naval department for some four years, and would have been used in 1898, had either Germany or France attempted to intervene in our contest with Spain. We advise Germany to reserve her naval strength for a struggle with France, and to renounce those projects of aggrandizement in South America which would bring her inevitably into collision with the United States. That would be a conjuncture in which the pride of the Emperor William would almost certainly have a fall.

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DECORATION BY TRAYER



TAKING THE CENSUS

By WILLIAM RUSH MERRIAM
DIRECTOR OF THE CENSUS

THE PRELIMINARY WORK incident to taking the enumeration of the people of the United States is practically finished, and on the first of June, in accordance with the Act under which this Bureau is organized, an army of enumerators will proceed to count the citizens of the Republic and collect a great many other facts pertaining to its agricultural and mechanical and manufacturing industries that will be of profound interest not only to ourselves but to all the inhabitants of the civilized world.

The census taken in the year of our Lord 1900 means a great deal more, and involves a great deal more, than a similar work in the year 1789. It is not likely that the gentlemen who acted as superintendent of the first census had the slightest conception of what a similar operation would mean at the end of the nineteenth century. Originally the census was taken for the purpose of enumerating the inhabitants of the country, with a view of carrying into effect the constitutional enactment requiring the apportionment, every ten years, of the members of the national legislature in proportion to the number of people contained in the Federal Union. As the years have gone on, from a mere count of inhabitants the census has developed into a vast industrial and sociological undertaking, until to-day the work placed upon this bureau has no counterpart, so far as a statistical enterprise is concerned, in the civilized world.

I think it may be safely said, that no country under the sun compares in thoroughness in the work of census-taking with the United States. For example, Germany takes its census at no set period, and, beyond a complete enumeration, attempts to tabulate but few additional statistics. France reserves to herself a count of the people alone; while Great Britain limits her statistics to the same plan. Italy has taken no census since 1891, owing to the financial straits of the Government. In some of the South American States they do more or less in the way of statistic-gathering, but nothing that compares with our own work. So it may be safely said that the United States is far in advance of all other nations in many things, even that of census-taking.

The plans for taking the census vary in all parts of the world, according to circumstances. For example, in England they take the census in a single night, through the medium of registrars who appoint enumerators and prepare returns within their own districts. Such a plan would, however, be thoroughly impracticable in a country so sparsely settled in many parts as is the United States. In Sweden the services of the clergy are enlisted in cooperation with the civil authorities; but here, as elsewhere, schedules to be filled out by the householders are used.

During its earlier history the Census Bureau was in charge of the State Department. In 1850 it passed to the Secretary of the Interior, who organized a Census Board, and from that time up to this it has always remained a part of the Interior Department. Changes have taken place from time to time in its plan of operation, but prior to the year 1889 the census was taken at each decade by a Superintendent, who, as a rule, formulated such plans as he thought would best enable him to carry into effect the mandates of Congress in connection with this subject. There has been, however, during the last four decades—that is, up to the year 1889—no well-formulated plan for developing the practical administration of the Census Bureau, although some of the men who have had charge of the work during the past three decades have been very eminent in the field known as census work. General Francis A. Walker took charge of the census in 1870–80, and was conspicuously successful, leaving the work, however, when at its height, to become president of a scientific college in Massachusetts. My own immediate predecessor, Mr. Porter, in view of the enormous amount of work put upon him and the lack of a well-defined law which would give him proper opportunity to organize, assumed and, I think it may

be well conceded, carried to a successful conclusion one of the most tremendous undertakings in the way of census work ever given to any one man to perform. Those who are acquainted with all the facts incident to Mr. Porter's burden believe him to be entitled to the fullest consideration and the highest commendation from his fellow-citizens.

The Act of 1899, under which the Bureau is now in operation, is a wide departure from any previous legislation upon the subject of census-taking. Up to the present time the plan

to whom is assigned the general oversight of the various statisticians employed by the Bureau. There are five Chief Statisticians in all, and a certain line of work is given to each one to prepare and finish. In this way responsibility can be placed and each statistician held responsible for the proper fulfillment of his duties. The last census required between six and eight years to prepare, tabulate and finish. The law under which we are now organized directs us to complete the four census reports proper—that is, Agriculture, Population, Vital Statistics, Mechanical and Manufacturing inquiries—within two years from the first of the coming July. All of the work of the office and all of its plans have been laid out with this in view, although it is almost impossible in emergency work of this kind to calculate, with any accuracy, the amount of time that will be required to acquire certain information, and the necessities that will arise before the same can be properly tabulated and printed must be more or less of a conjecture; but no effort will be spared to carry out the law of Congress, and so far as we can see we shall be able, at the date named, to give the public the census reports in accordance with the present law.

In order to effect these results, however, it has been necessary to lay out a definite plan of organization, not only for the preliminary work, but to provide a large clerical force, a large building, a large printing-office, and enormous quantities of stationery, blanks, etc. For the past fifteen months the officers in charge of the work have been recruiting an army consisting of supervisors, enumerators and special agents, for the purpose of doing the field work. There were three hundred supervisors named by the President of the United States for work in different parts of the country, appointed nearly a year ago. These supervisors have selected and named, for the purpose of taking the enumeration on the first of June and gathering other data, fifty-two thousand enumerators. In addition, there are special agents to the number of nearly twenty-two hundred, engaged in securing reports on manufacturing and mechanical institutions, as well as other data in connection with the agricultural inquiry. All of these enumerators and special agents have to undergo a test of a certain character, to determine their fitness for the work. Millions of schedules of various kinds have been sent to the supervisors, to be delivered to the enumerators for the purpose of using in their work on the first of June. It may be said in passing, that much of the success or failure of the census will be determined by the faithfulness and efficiency shown by the supervisors and enumerators. Supervision and enumeration are the basic factors of all census work, as these are the facts upon which the whole fabric is reared. A great deal of pains has been taken by those in charge of the office work to secure not only capable supervisors but a high class of enumerators. It was found in the last census that thousands and thousands of schedules that were sent to the office were utterly unintelligible and practically of no value. It is hoped under the careful system in vogue in this office at this time to avoid the difficulties of the work of a similar character in the previous decade.

While all the preparation has been going on for the taking of the enumeration and the gathering of other statistics, provision has been made for the acquiring of a large clerical force necessary to do the actual work after the statistics have reached the office. It was found, after securing the best data obtainable, that thirty-two hundred people would be required to care for the statistics and put them in presentable shape and prepare them for the printing-office within the two-year limit provided by law. One thousand of these clerks, however, will only be employed in using what are known as the Hollerith Tabulating Machines, for about six months from the first of July. Your readers will undoubtedly be very much interested to know that the great census of 1900 is to be counted by electricity, thus invoking this great hidden force which has so long baffled all scientists, but has proved



WILLIAM RUSH MERRIAM
FORMER GOVERNOR OF MINNESOTA

was merely to gather a force of statistical experts and clerks together with the greatest rapidity possible, put them to work under the best chiefs obtainable, and finish the undertaking as soon as possible; thus giving a spasmodic atmosphere to the whole affair. There was a lack of a well-defined plan, and as a result the outcome necessarily was not always satisfactory. The law under which the Twelfth Census is being operated is better than anything heretofore enacted by the national legislature for the purpose of taking a census. The executive and statistical branches of the work are so sharply defined that it is possible to make the individual in charge of each inquiry responsible for lack of method or tardiness in securing results. The Director has general charge of the administration, and under him an Assistant Director, who is a trained statistician,



THE NEW BUILDING OF THE CENSUS BUREAU, AT WASHINGTON

DR. FREDERICK HOWARD WINER.

ASSISTANT DIRECTOR OF THE CENSUS



THE CENSUS BUREAU'S

WILLIAM C. HUNT,



MAKING READY THE

WILLIAM A. KING,

ENUMERATORS' SCHEDULES



CLERKS IN CHARGE OF APPLICATIONS FOR POSITIONS IN CENSUS BUREAU



PORTFOLIOS FOR THE USE OF ENUMERATORS IN THE FIELD

so efficacious in carrying into effect man's requirements. It is proposed to employ one thousand clerks in transferring data from the enumerators' sheets to cards about three by six inches in size. There will be in all one hundred million of these cards. This transference is done first by preparing a card for each person enumerated, showing the characteristics of such person. The cards used for this purpose are printed with letters and symbols so arranged that by punching holes in the proper spaces we get the following information regarding the individual: race, sex, color, age, conjugal condition, birthplace of person, of father, mother, years in the United States, occupation, school attendance, etc. These cards, though only seven one-thousandths of an inch in thickness, would form a stack nine miles high and would weigh two hundred tons.

This transcript from the original returns of the enumerator to the punched card will be done with small machines something like typewriters, called keyboard punchers. About one thousand of these will be used, and the entire work of transcribing the seventy-five million or more individual records will be done in about one hundred working days, or nearly four months. These punched record cards are then counted, or tabulated, in the electrical tabulating machines. These machines are provided with a circuit-closing device, into which the cards are rapidly fed one by one. The holes in the card control the electric circuits through a number of counters, which will, as desired, count the simple facts as to the number of males, females, etc., or the most complicated combination which the statistician may ask for. After the cards for a given district are thus passed through the tabulating machine, we know the number of native-born white males of voting age, the number of white children under five years of age born in this country with both parents native-born, or the number of such children with one or both parents foreign born, or any other information contained in the enumerator's sheet which the statistician desires tabulated. In short, it is only necessary for the statistician to decide upon the information wanted, and for the electrician to make the proper connection from the counters and relays to the circuit controlling device into which the cards are fed. The methods employed for checking the proper workings of the machines are ingenious and interesting. If the card is not completely punched, or not properly fed to the machine, or is placed upside down, or if some item has been overlooked, or, in fact, if everything is not all right, the machine refuses to work and the card is rejected. Neither will the machine work if the circuit-controlling device is operated without a card in place. Such a machine has also the advantage that it will not make mistakes because it is tired or does not feel well, or because the weather is warm, or by reason of the

thousand and one causes which will upset the human machine.

At least eight hundred clerks and messengers will be employed to tabulate properly the results derived from the punching machines. There will be, in addition, about seven hundred and fifty clerks employed in the agricultural department, four hundred in the office of the Chief Statistician for manufactures, sixty in the office of the Statistician for vital statistics, and about two hundred and fifty in miscellaneous branches of the work. In order to provide for housing this aggregation, a contract was entered into last year with one of the wealthy citizens of Washington, who has provided a building capable of holding the entire force and admirably adapted for the census work. It is almost entirely on the one floor, with two large rooms holding nine hundred people each, covering in all about two acres of ground. It is the first time in the history of census work that proper headquarters have been provided, and it is believed that great economy will ensue by reason of having a proper administration building. The census office, after all, is nothing but a great statistical bureau, and in the employment of so large a force it is necessary to pursue the same general tactics of administration as are usually observed in industrial institutions. The clerical force has been gathered from all parts of the United States, a systematic form of examination for all applicants having been provided for, and it is believed that the individuals selected are as well adapted for the work required of them as any similar body of people could be under the same circumstances. The real test of any clerical force, after all, lies in the experience of the persons making it up, but it is not possible under the system heretofore pursued by Congress in permitting the experienced people in census work to be scattered to the four winds and a new force gathered each time.

After the four great inquiries are finished, called the Census Reports proper, the office is instructed under the law to make special inquiry into various other interesting subjects, among which are the following: the insane, feeble-minded, deaf, dumb, and blind; crime, pauperism, and benevolence; social statistics of cities; public indebtedness, valuation, and expenditure; electric light and power, telephone, and telegraph business; transportation by water, express business, and street railway; mines and mining; etc., etc. These, when published, will be denominated as "Special Census Reports," and the office is forbidden to take any of them up until we have finished the Census Reports proper. From time to time Congress will undoubtedly assign other inquiries to the Census Office, and, in view of the fact that this data must be gathered as of the date when the inquiry is instituted, practically four or five years will be consumed in gathering the special re-

ports. These results will be of considerable value to students of economics within our colleges.

Legislation is now being had that will involve the consolidation of all the statistical branches of the government under one head, to be known as the Department of Commerce. Should this be brought about there will undoubtedly be a reorganization of the statistical branches of the government in such a way as to bring them into close harmony and to utilize them so as to be of great advantage when the census proper is to be taken. Coming to the end of the century, and at a time when prosperity seems to overspread the land, the two great industries that will attract most attention will be those of agriculture and manufacturing. Agriculture, of course, the basic factor of our national wealth, will be given the fullest consideration; and for the first time, I think, in the history of the country we shall have a much clearer idea of the value of the farming industry, its possibilities and its importance than heretofore. A most thorough plan has been laid out for gathering all of the possible data relating to this most interesting feature of our national wealth. The collection of statistics relating to manufacturing has been entrusted to one of the most successful of statisticians, Mr. S. N. D. North of Boston, secretary of the Wool Association, and the carefulness and thoroughness with which he has undertaken the work leads us to believe that the results will not only be extremely satisfactory but will be astonishing to our own people and to the world at large as well. Nations over the earth are continually fighting for new territory, with a view of enlarging their markets, exploiting new lands, giving opportunities for new citizenship, and of keeping quiet their own people by providing newer markets for the results of their labors. Armaments and navies are being constructed in all parts of the civilized world, with a view of not only defending territory already absorbed, but preparing the way for new lands to conquer. Under such conditions the industrial situation in America must excite the liveliest consideration. It is believed at this time, with high prices so common to all articles of commerce, with activity in almost every field of labor, that the amounts involved will be beyond all doubt far in excess of the wildest flights of the imagination. Activity in every field is noted, and to emphasize this and give a complete picture of our manufacturing industry will be the effort of those in charge of this most interesting undertaking.

Such, in brief, are the salient points in connection with the work of the Twelfth Census. In effect it is the aim of the Census Bureau to produce a great photograph spread upon a broad canvas, not only of our material acquisitions, but of our intellectual and moral growth, indicating the standard we have adopted and the plane on which we are content to abide.



THE PEACEFUL OCCUPATION OF CAGAYAN

By FREDERICK PALMER, OUR SPECIAL CORRESPONDENT IN THE PHILIPPINES

THE NAVY had long been on what might be called "speaking terms" with the insurgent garrison at Cagayan, which was the only one that was expected to offer any resistance to General Bates's expedition with the Fortieth Volunteer Infantry for garrisoning North Mindanao. Our mosquito gunboats, when they dropped anchor in the harbor, fired a shot or two if there was anything worth shooting at, or told the local Presidente to be good, and gave him a drink when he came on board to "talk."

On one occasion, the *Panay*—she was bought from the Spaniards as a gunboat, but looks more like a sugar scoop—let drive with her six-pounders at some insurgents in a trench. The insurgents fled in an undignified manner, and were naturally resentful. Afterward, when the *Yorktown*, our flagship in these southern waters, went to Cagayan, the Presidente, Señor Roa, lodged a protest with Captain Sperry against this undue infringement of the laws of war and politeness.

"One of your little gunboats fired at us the other day," he said. "It frightened the people terribly, and it was with difficulty that I could restrain my brave soldiers from attacking a visitor whom we try to regard as a guest."

"Didn't you fire at the *Panay*?" the captain asked.

"No, not even one little practice shot," said Roa, very seriously, as if practice shots were perfectly allowable. "We weren't doing anything at all, except we had our flag flying, of course. And, captain, I must be candid enough to say that your *Panay* was so impudent as to fire at our flag."

"Is that why it isn't flying to-day?" the captain asked.

"Well, yes, possibly it is. I wish to be discreet and conciliatory."

"Well, if you put it up, the captain of the *Panay* did perfectly right. I would do the same thing."

"You would?" exclaimed the Presidente, seemingly shocked by such barbarism.

"Yes, and I'll smash everything on the beach to pieces if you will put it up now."

"Oh, I shall not! I shall not! Let me repeat, I wish to be conciliatory, very conciliatory—even forgiving."

We had the *Yorktown* and the *Panay*, which had joined our fleet, as well as the *Manila*, when we approached Cagayan at daybreak. Captain Sperry and General Bates are men after each other's own hearts, and the captain had come on from Zamboanga to give the general whatever assistance he could. A banca with a big white flag put off to the *Yorktown* before she was within striking distance of the shore. A representative of Presidente Roa was aboard.

"You recall to Señor Roa, with my compliments, that I said that one day we were coming; and now we have come, with plenty of troops and plenty of guns," said Captain Sperry. "You tell him that if a single shot is fired at our soldiers as they march up to take possession of the town, the *Yorktown*, the *Manila*, and the *Panay* will empty broadsides upon you till the shots cease. You had better hurry, because we are all ready to land troops now. It would be unfortunate if some of your men fired before they received information of our intentions."

The representative of the Presidente accepted Captain Sperry's warning so literally that he let his banca go adrift rather than take the time to moor her as he jumped ashore. The next moment his flying white shirt-tail disappeared among the coconut trees. It was evident that he had never been in such a hurry before in all his life.

We understood that the insurgents had a trench with three or four hundred rifles two-thirds of the distance up the road, some two miles in length, which leads from the pier to the town. Two companies of Major Case's battalion, which garrisoned Cagayan, were to march up the road against the trenches in front, while the two remaining companies, in charge of the major, were to go up the river in small boats and come up behind them. We who went by the road had a hot walk and found the trenches were deserted. When we reached the plaza the men of the other two companies were already patrolling the town or resting under the shade of the best trees. Not a shot had been fired. They had captured a steam launch lying in the river, and the Guardia Civil had

turned over their Remington rifles and Spanish equipments. Where were the insurgent soldiers, with their three hundred Remingtons and Mausers (some reports said six hundred), with

dente avoided Captain Sperry. He thinks that the captain is

Roa is the richest and cleverest man in Cagayan. It is hard to be both rich and an insurrecto. On the one hand, he wants to get his hemp to market and keep the title to his property; on the other, as so many rich Presidentes have demonstrated to our sorrow, he can make us more trouble by remaining in town and acting as a secret ally of the insurgents, under the mask of friendship, than by taking up arms. He is of that caste of half-breed who always has his hand on the fence ready to make a clean and graceful vault. No one knows better than Major Case, who was formerly with the Oregon regiment, that all polite old gentlemen of his kind will bear watching. Perhaps he is quite loyal. If so, he will profit the more by comparison with Presidentes who are not.

It is a favorite trick of insurgent garrisons to fall back out of reach of the guns of the navy, and to wait until the men-of-war have gone and our troops have settled down to a peaceful occupation before they begin guerrilla warfare. Cagayan is the only place in North Mindanao where the outlying country is not too rough and the Moros (who hate the Visayan Christian emigrants of the coast) are not too numerous to permit of such tactics.

The two friars in charge of the parish showed General Bates and his party over the church, which stands on the border between Christianity and Mohammedanism. It is the finest church that I have seen in a town of this size in the Philippines. The rich interior, with its many silver ornaments, had not been disturbed, and the privileges of the friars had not been curtailed. To the outsider it always seems as if all the energy of these islands had been spent on building churches. No white man's country has so many or so good for the same population.

"We have more than enough churches," say the intelligent Filipinos. "It is high time that we built a few schools."

Eggs were less plentiful than beer in Cagayan. However, Captain Watson's very able "striker" rustled nine, and the captain invited me to lunch in his quarters over the jail. When he asked for salt and pepper a Filipino servant brought him some crystals the size of peas from the local salt works and some red peppers on the bush. Everything was too young, even the onions, in the little garden back of the jail, which, lacking the background of coconut trees, might have been in a New England village. There were some thirty prisoners in the jail.

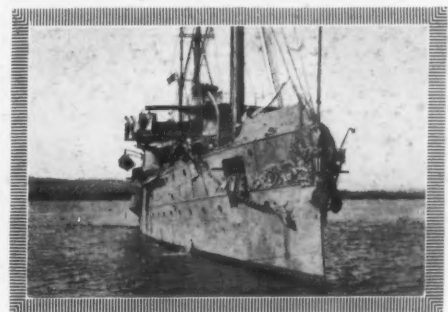
To tell the truth, the occupation of Cagayan was not at all exciting. Cagayan, though it be in Mindanao, is as much like the other Philippine towns as two peas. The flag was raised in front of the government building at 3 p.m., while the *Yorktown* fired the national salute. By this time the people were rapidly returning to town, most of them coming by ferry from across the river, whence they had taken their horses and most of their valuables when our fleet was sighted. An hombre who brought in mangoes for sale asked us four times the Manila price for them. No amount of haggling, which we tried as a diversion, would make him hedge more than fifty per cent. He had believed, as all the natives do before they see us, that we come committed to plunder and outrage, on the one hand, and to paying the most extravagant prices for anything we want on the other. He was changing his mind about the first error, but was too wise to change it about the second.

Leaving to Major Case and his officers the humdrum prospect of a year in Cagayan, the largest fleet that had ever come into the harbor to flabbergast the natives had only to wait until Captain Ramsay had unloaded the battalion's supplies before starting for Iligan. The captain hired all the hombres that he could to work night and day as stevedores. When he started to give them rations of hard tack and canned salmon, and they saw the brilliant red labels on the tins, there was a mad scramble. They had yet to learn that what is palatable to the white man is seldom palatable to the brown man. Once they had tasted the salmon they made wry faces, and looked ruefully at the labels, as if they were trying to understand how anybody could be so foolish as to put such fine clothes on such a poor article.



A FILIPINO TRADING BANCA

which the insurgent garrison was armed? Presidente Roa, who had met Major Case on the river-bank with protestations of friend hip, said that they were some distance out in the



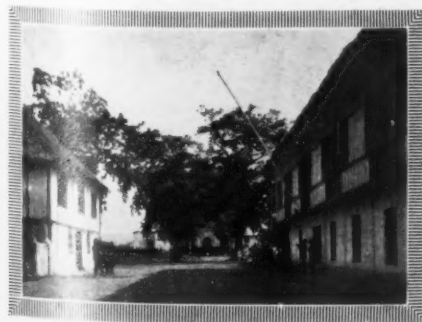
THE "YORKTOWN" IN THE HARBOR OF CAGAYAN

country—in fact, we had seen the straggling rearguard as it hastened away—waiting only upon assurance that the Americans would grant them amnesty. We could depend upon



NATIVES RETURNING BY FERRY AFTER THE OCCUPATION

him, he said. He would send word to them by a trusted friend, advising surrender. It was noticeable that the Presi-



HOISTING THE FLAG OVER THE GOVERNMENT HOUSE



A CAPTURED RIVER LAUNCH



CAPTAIN WATSON'S COMPANY CROSSING THE PLAZA



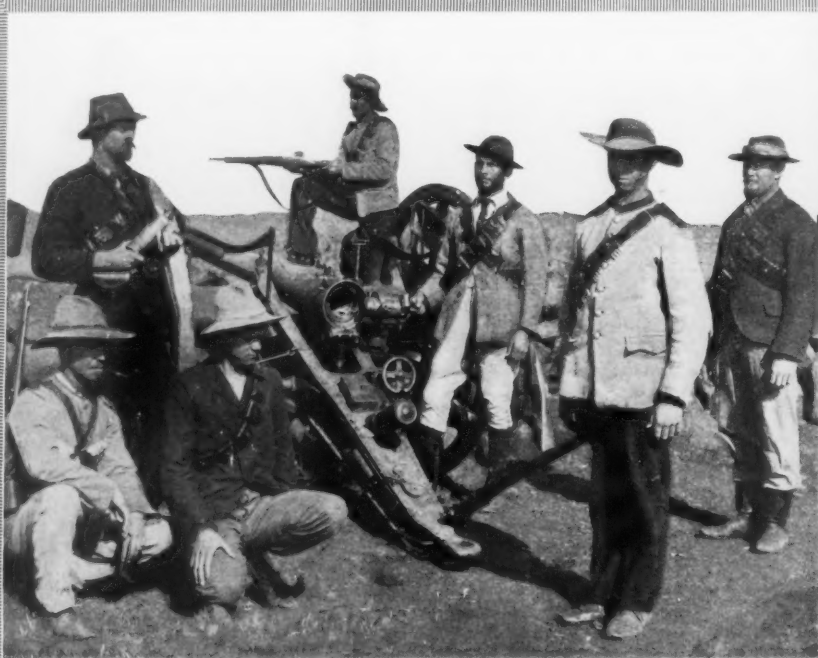
A BOER COMMANDO FORDING A RIVER IN ORANGE FREE STATE, GOING NORTHWARD
AHEAD OF LORD ROBERTS'S ADVANCE



TREKKING THE FAMOUS "LONG TOM" NORTHWARD FROM LADYSMITH AFTER THE
RELIEF OF THE BELEAGUERED CITY



GENERAL SNYMAN, COMMANDING
OUTSIDE MAFEKING



TRANSVAAL ARTILLERISTS, WITH AN ARMSTRONG 12-POUNDER CAPTURED
AT STORMBERG



GENERAL BOTHA, FORMER COMMANDER
OUTSIDE MAFEKING



BOERS GUARDING A PASS BETWEEN THE FREE STATE AND NATAL AWAITING THE COMING
OF THE ADVANCE GUARD OF GENERAL BULLER'S ARMY



BRITISH PRISONERS OF WAR, TAKEN DURING THE VARIOUS ENGAGEMENTS AROUND
LADYSMITH, AT MODDERSPRUIT, NORTH NATAL

THE WAR IN SOUTH AFRICA. CHARACTERISTIC VIEWS OF BOER OPERATIONS IN THE
FIELD, PRECEDING THE RELIEF OF MAFEKING



BRINGING UP THE GUNS

THIS PHOTOGRAPH, WHICH SHOWS IN THE FOREGROUND A POWERFUL TEAM DRAGGING A FIELD-GUN UP THE BANK OF THE TUGELA RIVER IN RESPONSE TO AN ORDER FROM THE FRONT, IS MADE NOTABLE BY THE EXTENT OF ITS RANGE, WHICH INCLUDES A VIEW OF GENERAL BULLER'S ARMY ON THE SLOPE OF THE HILLS BEYOND. THE TROOPS WAIT A COMMAND TO RE-CROSS THE TUGELA RIVER IN THEIR GENERAL ADVANCE NORTHWARD THROUGH NATAL IN PURSUIT OF THE BOERS



THE BIRTHDAY FETE IN HONOR OF THE CROWN PRINCE OF GERMANY

THE CEREMONIES DESIGNED TO MARK THE COMING OF AGE OF CROWN PRINCE FRIEDRICH WILHELM WERE OBSERVED IN THE GERMAN CAPITOL IN THE MIDST OF A BRILLIANT ASSEMBLY OF PRINCES AND WITH ELABORATE POMP. THE CENTRAL EVENT WAS A SOLEMN SERVICE IN THE CHAPEL ROYAL, AT WHICH THE YOUNG PRINCE LEGALLY ATTAINED HIS MAJORITY. THE PORTRAIT OF THE GERMAN CROWN PRINCE APPEARS IN THE PHOTOGRAPH ABOVE, WHICH REPRESENTS THE EMPERORS OF GERMANY AND OF AUSTRIA PASSING THROUGH THE BRANDENBURG GATE IN BERLIN



SPECIAL CORRESPONDENCE OF COLLIER'S WEEKLY

LORD ROBERTS'S march to Pretoria (if such it may in good truth be termed) has filled the British bosom with delight. It is believed, now, that the nearer England's forces approach to the northward, the more assertive will become Boer tendencies to disintegrate and vanish. There is at present but one meaning, it is claimed, in those frays and skirmishes which to-day we call the success of General Ian Hamilton, to-morrow that of General Tucker, Karee, Glen, Jacobus, Isabelfontein, Winburg or Senekal, they all mean either by onrush or rebuff a wavering yet determined progress toward the very vitals of the Transvaal. What Great Britain had resolved to do, she will certainly accomplish—and why? Because, in the first place, she is an empire, and for an empire to attempt a great conquest and fail in it, spells either ruin or its grim semblance. Because, in the second place, a vast majority of the English people sanction and applaud the present war. In certain quarters it is now bitterly affirmed that President Kruger and his counsellors will urge contest to its harshest and most sardonic end, for the reason that they themselves will retain their lives, dwell hereafter in some other land, and pose as martyrs to the ferocity of such tyrannic onslaught as that which befell Hungary, Poland, Crete. Such judgment is unkind to the Transvaal patriots, however true or false it may be to the British attitude.

The worst foes of President Kruger and President Steyn have, surely, no right to charge them with insincerity. Their "lost cause," when the civilized world is called upon to discuss it, will never, I should say, savor of the faintest hypocrisy. It is fully realized, here, among the best and most thoughtful minds, that the *non tunc tangere* element in both little republics has been, all told, a question of feeble national protest against immense imperialistic pressure. Britain will have her way in South Africa, just as she has had it in India and Egypt and Australia and New Zealand. "Come under my banner," she says, "and I will give you good government." All empires have always said the same, but it must be conceded to Britain that she has had, in the main, one tremendous advantage—that of keeping her word to the countries that she has conquered. Australia, nevertheless, is now making demands for a federal autonomy which do not yet hint of disloyalty though they certainly pave the way for future colonial malcontents. The Canadian Parliament, which may soon undergo a distinct political change, might soon express disapprobation at the sending of troops to South Africa. As for India, can Mr. Lecky, Mr. Bryce, Mr. John Morley, and other unpartisan intellectualists, close their eyes to the lack of good government there?

And there you have it all in a nutshell, and the smallest of nutshells besides. Empires are like mammoth Atlantic liners. Their dominance, often magnificent, lies wholly within them-

selves. Deal them, from without, a relatively meagre stroke, and they list, sag, or sink. Like the craft I have just mentioned, they blend, in an almost absurd way, power with vulnerability. They are so strong that you marvel at their weakness; they are so weak that you marvel at their strength. But most of us have a hearty hope that Macaulay's New Zealander will not stand on London Bridge with victorious irony in his gaze for many a century to come. Everything admitted, England keeps herself pulled together, just now, with a wondrous hardihood. I should say that she was more shaken, at present, by Lord Roberts's despatches, and the question of their singular impolicy, than even by those wireless telegraphies, those phantasmal heliograms, which haunt her anxious heart from day to day, fretting the



MAJOR-GENERAL ROBERT S. S. BADEN-POWELL, THE HERO OF MAFEKING

peace of uncounted homes and marring the sleep of myriad brains. Everybody is talking of Gladstone's epigram, exhumed with such startling felicity, the other day, by Lord Rosebery, in one of his most notable speeches. Of a certain dead statesman Gladstone had once declared that he was of a composition to which water would not add strength. Lord Rosebery, without disclosing the dead statesman's name, professed himself afraid that history would write some such memorial on the tomb of her Majesty's present Government.

It cannot be claimed that the present horrible conflict has brought out with any telling assertion the competence or discipline of British officers; but regarding the phenomenal valor of her general soldiery there can be sounded only a single praise-

ful note. For example, Captain Vandeleur of the Essex Mounted Infantry, helped by two of his men during the recent shattering fire at Soma's Point, fetched a wounded gunner safely into camp. With a brother officer he then went forward again and lent his aid at the guns. During this same fray artillerymen brought up team after team, which were shot down (war is often crueler to horses than men) before they could be hooked to the limbers. No less than nine horses were either killed or wounded under the conduct of one driver before he abandoned these terrific sorties as useless. After the dread mishap to the convoy an American trooper named Todd went forth with a comrade to bring in some stray horses for the disabled guns. Very soon his associate was shot dead at his side. Todd, however, dauntlessly facing the foe's bullets, got two horses under control. As he was bringing them back one fell dead. Just then, lying in a donga, he perceived the surgeon. Todd wheeled again toward the firing Boers, and twenty minutes later rode slowly back, bearing a tell-tale burden in his arms. "I couldn't see the doctor," he explained, "anywhere; but I've brought back the only wounded man I could find alive there." . . . In another of these ghastly skirmishes we hear of how a man reeled into camp with one eye gone and his upper jaw blown off. He signed for pencil and paper. When these were brought, he wrote the words "Did we win?" This flavors too much of vengeful wrath. It is not so appealing as the account of still another poor fellow, who was in hospital, agonized by a broken thigh. Three times this quieter hero insisted on leaving his bed to make room for wounded comrades, and each time he gave excuse for his act by declaring that "he was such a restless man!"

EDGAR FAWCETT.

BADEN-POWELL AND MAFEKING

The story of Mafeking is a story of many phases. The heroic and the grotesque mingle to the utter confusion of all consistency. The Dutch settlement of Mafeking was isolated by the Boer forces on October 14. Ending as it did on May 15, the siege was in force 214 days. This exceeded by almost 100 days the duration of the sieges of either Kimberley or Ladysmith. Baden-Powell's fighters within the town numbered at the outset 1,500 men, all irregulars except a few officers. He had eight guns, six of them machine. Seven hundred white women and children and 7,000 blacks were also hemmed in.

Colonel Plumer, with two thousand men from Rhodesia, moving south to raise the siege, got within fourteen miles of Mafeking on March 16, but was beaten back by the Boers under the command of Snyman. Since January the English within Mafeking have been on reduced rations. Life has been supported by means of horse and mule meat, soup made from the skins of these animals, and porridge concocted from fodder oats. Casualties in the town's fighting force up to April 28 reached a total of 240, including 66 killed and 133 wounded. Deaths from disease add fully sixty more, making a twenty per cent loss during the siege. The deaths among non-combatants probably number 100 more. To meet the peculiar exigencies of the trying situation, Baden-Powell improvised issues of paper currency and postage stamps, and built a gun of steel plate to supplement his slender outfit of cannon. The British commander's strategy in throwing his defence lines far out prevented a concentration of heavy fire from the Boers, which would have had the certain effect of blowing Mafeking to pieces.

THE ADVENTURES OF A MODEST MAN IN THE UNITED STATES AND GREAT BRITAIN BY ROBERT W. CHAMBERS



THE ADVENTURES OF A MODEST MAN &

BY ROBERT W. CHAMBERS AUTHOR OF "THE KING IN YELLOW"

THE PARIS EXPOSITION—THE ITALIAN PALACE AND THE BRIDGE DES INVALIDES

Père Van Twiller sails from New York with his daughters, Imogene and Alida, for Paris and the Exposition. In the French capital they meet Captain de Barsac, who deceives himself to Dulcima. The captain starts them by announcing that their hotel is exclusively patronized by sufferers from hydrophobia. This discovery leads Van Twiller to conclude that his sons are well-patronized.

IV.—THE "RIVE DROITE"

"IN MY OPINION," said I, "a man who comes to see Paris in three months is a fool, and kin to that celebrated ass who circum-perambulated the globe in eighty days. See all, see nothing. A man might camp a lifetime in the Louvre and learn little about it before he left for Père Lachaise. Yet here comes the United States in a gigantic 'indulgence,' to see the city and the entire Exposition in three weeks, when three years is too short a time in which to appreciate the Carnavalet Museum alone! I'm going home."

"Oh, papa!" said Alida.

"Yes, I am," I snipped. "I'd rather be tried and convicted in Westchester on the charge of stealing my own pig than confess I had 'seen Paris' in three months."

We had driven out to the Trocadero that day, and were now comfortably seated in the tower of that somewhat shabby "palace," for the purpose of obtaining a bird's-eye view of the "Rive Droite" or right bank of the Seine.

Elegant, modern, spotless, the Rive Droite spread out at our feet, silver-gray squares of Renaissance architecture inlaid with the delicate green of parks, circles, squares, and those endless double and quadruple lines of trees which make Paris slums more attractive than Fifth Avenue. Far as the eye could see stretched the exquisite monotony of the Rive Droite, discreetly and artistically broken by domes and spires of uncalculated "monuments," in virgin territory, unknown and unsuspected to those spiritual vandals whose hordes raged through the boulevards, waving ten thousand blood-red Biedekers at the paralyzed Parisians.

"Well," said I, "now that we have 'seen' the Rive Droite, let's cast a bird's-eye glance over Europe and Asia and go back to the Normandie for luncheon."

My satiation was lost on my daughters because they had moved out of earshot. Alida was looking through a telescope held for her by a friend of Captain de Barsac, an officer of artillery named Captain Vicomte Torchon de Cluny. He was all over scarlet and black and gold; when he walked his sabre made noises, and his ringing spurs reminded me of the sound of sleigh bells in Westchester.

My daughter Dulcima was observing the fortress of Mont-Valerien through a tiny pair of jewelled opera-glasses, held for her by Captain de Barsac. It was astonishing to see how tireless De Barsac held those opera-glasses, which must have weighed at least an ounce. But French officers are inured to hardships and fatigue.

"Is that a fortress?" asked Dulcima ironically. "I see nothing but some low stone houses."

"Next to Gibraltar," said De Barsac, "it is the most powerful fortress in the world, mademoiselle. It garrisons thousands of men; its stores are enormous; it dominates not only Paris, but all France."

"But where are the cannon?" asked Dulcima.

"Also—exactly—where? That is what other nations pay millions to find out—and cannot. Will you not take my word for it that there are one or two cannon there—and permit me to avoid particulars?"

"You might tell me where just one little unimportant cannon is?" said my daughter, with the naive curiosity which animates the opposite and still more curious sex.

"And endanger France?" asked De Barsac, with owl-like solemnity.

"Thank you," pouted Dulcima, perfectly aware that he was laughing.

These voices became low, and relapsed into that buzzing murmur which always defeats its own ends by arousing parental vigilance.

"Let us visit the aquarium," said I in a distinct and disagreeable voice. Doubtless the "voice from the wilderness" was gratuitously unwelcome to Messieurs De Barsac and Torchon de Cluny, but they appeared to welcome the idea with a conciliatory alacrity noticeable in young men when introduced upon by the parent of pretty daughters. Dear me, how glad they appeared to be of me; what delightful in-

formation they volunteered concerning the Trocadero, the Alexander Bridge, the Champ de Mars, and the gigantic wilderness of scuffling, iron and stucco piled up behind the Tour Eiffel, and which was, one day, to burst into symmetrical and gilded bloom as the Exposition of 1900.

They also pointed out to me a gentleman standing in audible conversation with a group of edified listeners.

"It is your Commissioner for the Exposition," said De Barsac.

As I passed I heard our Commissioner observe: "As for architecture, you ought to see the Chicago Auditorium!"

"Who built it?" asked a Frenchman decorated with the red button.

"I did," replied our great Commissioner carelessly.

To me De Barsac put the innocent question: "Is Chicago, then, the nursery of American architecture?"

"Yes—the nursery—in one sense," I replied. I was going to add: "De Barsac, if you will draw your sword and destroy the American Commissioner yonder, you may marry my daughter and come home to live on your father-in-law."

Mr. Beck! Mr. Beck! You do not know how close to the gates of pearl you stood that sunny morning in the Trocadero gardens! But wait until Mr. Whistler sees you!

The aquarium of the Trocadero is underground. To reach it you simply walk down a hole in France and find yourself under the earth, listening to the silvery prattle of a little brook which runs over its bed of pebbles ABOVE YOUR HEAD, pouring down little waterfalls into endless basins of glass which line the damp arcades as far as you can see. The arcades themselves are dim, the tanks, set in the solid rock, are illuminated from above by holes in the ground, through which pours the yellow sunshine of France.

Looking upward through the glass faces of the tanks you can see the surface of the water with bubbles afloat, you can see the waterfall tumbling in; you can catch glimpses of green grass and bushes, and a bit of blue sky above.

Into the tanks fall insects from the world above, and the fish sail up to the surface and lazily suck in the hapless fly or spider that tumbles into the surface of the water.

It is a fresh-water aquarium. All the fresh water fish of France are represented here by fine specimens—pike, barbel, tench, dace, perch, gudgeons, sea-trout, salmon, brown-trout, and that lovely delicate trout-like fish called L'OMBRE DE CHEVALIER. What it is I do not know, but it resembles our beautiful American brook-trout in shape and marking; and it is probably a hybrid, cultivated by these clever French specialists in fish-propagation.

Coming to a long crystal-clear tank, I touched the glass with my finger-tip, and a slender, delicate fish, colored like mother-of-pearl, slowly turned to stare at me.

"This," said I, "is that aristocrat of the waters called the 'Grayling.' Notice its huge dorsal fin, its tender and diminutive mouth. It takes a fly like a trout, but the angler who would bring it to net must work gently and patiently, else the tender mouth tears and the fish is lost. Is it not the most beautiful of all fishes?"

"Here and there a lusty trout; Here and there a Grayling—"

Ah, Tennyson knew. And that reminds me, Alida, I continued, preparing to recount a personal adventure with a grayling in Scotland—that reminds me—

I turned around to find I had been addressing the empty and somewhat humid atmosphere. My daughter Alida stood some distance away, gazing absently at a tank full of small fry; and Captain Vicomte Torchon de Cluny stood beside her, talking. Perhaps he was explaining the habits of the fish in the tank.

My daughter Dulcima and Captain de Barsac I beheld far down the arcades, strolling along without the faintest pretence of looking at anything but each other.

"Very well," thought I to myself, "this aquarium is exactly the place I expect to avoid in future." And I cheerfully joined my daughters as though they and their escorts had long missed me.

Now, of course, they all expressed an enthusiastic desire to visit every tank and hear me explain the nature of their contents; but it was too late.

"No," said I, "it is damp enough here to float all the fishes in the Seine. And besides, as we are to 'see' the Rive Droite, we should hasten, so that we may have at least half an hour to devote to the remainder of France."

From the bowels of the earth we emerged into the sunshine, to partake of an exceedingly modest luncheon in the Trocadero restaurant, under the great waterfall.

Across the river in the Exposition grounds we could see the workmen swarming over the unfinished buildings, and the sounds of their hammering came clearly to our ears. Beyond the Champ de Mars rose the splendid gilded dome of the Invalides. Below it a regiment of red legged infantry marched, drums and bugles sounding.

"All that territory there," said De Barsac, "is given over to barracks. It is an entire quarter of the city, occupied almost exclusively by the military. There the streets run between miles of monotonous barracks, through miles of arid parade grounds, where all day long the pious drill in the dust; where the cavalry exercise; where the field-artillery go clanking along the dreary streets toward their own exercise ground beyond the Usine de Gaz. All day long that quarter of the city echoes with drums beating and trumpets sounding, and the trample of passing cavalry, and the clank and rattle of cannon. Truly, in the midst of peace we prepare for—something else—we French."

"It is strange," said I, "that you have time to be the greatest sculptors, architects and painters in the world."

"In France, Monsieur, we never lack time. It is only in America that you corner time and dispense it at a profit."

"Time," said I, "is at once our most valuable and valueless commodity. Our millionaires seldom have sufficient time to avoid indigestion. Yet, although time is apparently so precious, there are among us men who spend it in reading the New York 'Herald' editorials and the literary criticisms in the New York 'Tribune.' I myself am often short of time, yet I take a Westchester newspaper and sometimes even read it."

We had been walking through the gardens, while speaking, toward a large crowd of people which had collected along the river. In the centre of the crowd stood a cab, on the box of which danced the cabby, gesticulating.

When we arrived at the scene of disturbance the first person I saw distinctly was our acquaintance, the young man from East Boston, hatless, dishevelled, all over dust, in the grasp of two agents de police.

"He has been run over by a cab," observed De Barsac. "They are going to arrest him."

"Well, why don't they do it?" I said, indignantly, supposing that De Barsac meant the cabman was to be arrested. "They have done so."

"No, they haven't! They are holding the man who has been run over!"

"Exactly. He has been run over and they are arresting him."

"Who?" I demanded, bewildered.

"Why, the man who has been run over!"

"But why, in Heaven's name?"

"Why? Because he allowed himself to be run over!"

"What?" I cried. "They arrest the man who has been run over, and not the man who ran over him?"

"It is the law," said De Barsac, coolly.

"Do you mean to tell me that the runner is left free, while the runnee is arrested?" I asked in deadly calmness, reducing my question to legal and laconic language impossible to misinterpret.

"Exactly. The person who permits a vehicle to run over him in defiance of the French law, which says that nobody ought to let himself be run over, is liable to arrest, imprisonment, and fine—unless, of course, so badly injured that recovery is impossible."

Now at last I understood the Dreyfus Affaire. Now I began to comprehend the laws of the Bandariog. Now I could follow the subtle logic of the philosophy embodied in "Alice in Wonderland" and "Through the Looking-Glass!"

This was the country for me! Why, certainly; these people here could understand a man who was guilty of stealing his own pig.

"I think I should like to live in Paris," I said to my daughters; then I approached the young man from East Boston and bade him cheer up.

He was not hurt; he was only rumpled and dusty and hopping mad.

"I shall pay their damned fine," he said. "Then I'm going to hire a cab and drive it myself, and hunt up that cabman who ran over me. By Judas!"

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The Biting of The Biter

by
S. R. Crockett

DRAWINGS BY JAY HAMBRIDGE

"WHEN THE SUN STREAMED IN AT THE WINDOW, NINIAN ALONE WAS LEFT—"

"THE BITING OF THE BITER" IS THE THIRD OF A SERIES OF SIX SHORT STORIES, EACH COMPLETE IN ITSELF, BY MR. CROCKETT, AUTHOR OF "THE RAIDERS," "JOAN OF THE SWORDHAND," ETC., TO APPEAR IN COLLIER'S WEEKLY AT INTERVALS OF A MONTH, PROFUSELY ILLUSTRATED BY JAY HAMBRIDGE.



AFTER THAT FIRST WINTER in Edinburgh I naturally saw little of Ninian Murdoch for several years. For one thing, I was working hard at my profession, and dreaming of the home Nance and I were to have together by and by. Long wet drives, the bitter blackness of the night in one's face, along snow-covered roads where one had to get out every half-mile and lead the horse down some ice-covered brack, with only an occasional blessed ten minutes with Nance in the Nether Monk loaning to hearten a man up—it is small wonder that I had little time for correspondence for several years.

Still, after the April and May exodus I generally made a point of seeing some of the men who were still at college, and hearing the latest news from the classes and examination halls. Every one of these had something to tell of Ninian. His simple-hearted earnestness and singular air of innocence had endeared him to all. His very professors were to his faults considerably more than a little blind. In these later days of high standards and entrance examinations Ninian could never have succeeded in passing, and so the Kirk of Scotland would have lost a very faithful servant. Men know more when they go into college nowadays, but I am by no means sure that they know more when they come out.

Now, Ninian had the vast respect for those who were successful in examinations which pertains to the man who has never found his name higher in the list than the last-but-one. Every night it was his custom to turn up at this man's "digs" and that other corporate educational barracks—half monastery, half bear garden—where a dozen sometimes chummed together. And the busiest men would coach him like brothers. They collaborated upon his prose, made a patchwork, wild and weird and wondrous, of his English essays, crammed him with answers to "certainties" at the seasonal examinations, and laughed at him all the time, both to his face and behind his back.

How John Mac and I rejoiced together in my rooms in Cairn Edward at the relation of Ninian's adventure with the grave and learned principal, a Jove dimly seen afar to us, yet who had submitted to be buttonholed on the South Bridge by Ninian and entertained all the way to St. Andrew's Square with reminiscences of the "Brand's" career as a "cairter in Dundee."

Each generation of students has its own jests, its own nick names, and I was not astonished to hear that our ancient sobriquet of "Evil Merodach" had already given place to another.

"And who are you, sir?" the astonished principal said. (So it was reported.)

"Sir, I am a 'brand plucked from the burning'!" Ninian had retorted with pride.

"Birk when it's green
Is a fire for a king!"

the principal had hummed irrelevantly.

So "the Brand" Ninian became, and, indeed, has thus far remained.

Next there came to me, filtering down through various channels, more or less inaccurate, the tale of Ninian and the Presbytery. I would tell it at full length, but that, being but a layman and inexpert of the mysteries, I should have to invent the detail, which is against all my principles.

Be it sufficient to relate that having had the ill-luck to come up before his local Presbytery when that distinguished spiritual court was in its most fretful and porcine mood (which, I am given to understand, is saying a great deal), Ninian suffered accordingly. Peerie of Prose tackled him on Greek, asking questions not in the chapters proscribed—which thing Ninian considered scoundrelly and not nominated in the bond.

Hackshaw of Spindleston drilled him on the kings of Israel and Judah, when the Brand had been carefully primed on the Judges. Even his engaging ways aided him not at the Presbytery of Dunderton; for the clerk had been snubbed on a point of procedure and had to take it out of somebody. Then, in the fulness of time, Ninian burst forth. To do him justice, it was not till Ballister of Lang Barns, a dour, pugilistic-looking man, rose up and threatened the suffering examinee across the table with his clinched fist.

Slowly, like the sun burning his way through mist, the Brand became once more Evil Merodach. Corruption tri-umphed.

"If it's fechtin' ye mean, my mamie," quoth Ninian to him of Lang Barns, "step outside!"

For this, but for the intervention of the Moderator and the rapturous goodwill of all the elders and more youthful clergy present, Ninian would certainly have been put back a year.

But the summer after Nance and I were married saw a strange thing. We were living in Cairn Edward, and as in duty bound attended Dr. Osbourne at the Cameronian Kirk on the Hill. But Nance, having been born and bred up in the Establishment, had always (as I told her) a warm side to Erastianism. Also we liked Mr. Gilbert, the young parish minister, and though his manse was full two miles away he used often to drop in upon us in the evenings. I think he liked me and I know he admired Nance. He told me once that he did not know which helped him most, my advice and conversation or to watch the shadow of Nance's eyelashes on her cheek as she sat and sewed at her white seam under the lamp. But I knew which—very well. And so did Nance, though the vixen pretended that he came all the time only to see me. But she had been born that way; and, as for me, I cared not a pin, knowing that I had all her heart.



"ELLEN MORRISON IT WAS WHO LOOKED IN"

And indeed every woman that is worth a pin is made that way.

Well, as I was telling, one night in comes Mr. Gilbert, and says he, "I was at the Presbytery to-day."

"And that's a wonder," quoth Nance, settling herself in her chair; "I hear they call you the Angel of the Presbytery, because your visits are few and far between."

I never was able to put a curb on the madam's tongue before we were married. Still less since.

But the minister was not disturbed. Instead, he pulled out his pipe and slowly filled it. Now consider a strange thing. Nance does not allow me to smoke, but she positively encourages Mr. Gilbert. She gives no reasons.

"My going to the Presbytery is like your coming out to my evening preachings," he said, as if he were meditating the matter deeply; "so much depends on the weather."

For as there was only one service in the Kirk on the Hill, Nance and I sometimes walked out to the parish kirk in the evening when the nights were fine and the season summer. A good many of the young folk of both sexes belonging to the Kirk on the Hill used to do the same, but they for the sake of the dusky woods and the walk home. Indeed, the Session more than once threatened to deal with them.

The minister laughed a little chuckling laugh he had and thumbed the tobacco well down in the bowl of his pipe. He liked it tight. Nance got him a spill. She actually made them on purpose. He nodded to thank her, and then said: "We had a curiosity at the Presbytery to-day—the new helper to your old friend, Dr. Strabout of Whinnyliggate."

"Dear me," cried Nance, "has the auld runt consented to get a helper at last?"

"Oh, this is just another probationer," said Mr. Gilbert between his puffs; "he will stop—most likely—as short a time—as the last."

Then Mr. Gilbert went on to tell how the last "helper," an amiable youth with modern notions, in Dr. Strabout's absence had started a Sabbath-school. When his chief came home again, the enthusiast waited in the certainty of receiving praise for his diligence. But the Doctor, appearing in the midst of the exercises, spoke to this effect: "Here's your siller and be going up the road! Trying to steal the hearts of my people with your new-fangled falderals! And you, bairns, get oot o' this and take your ways home, or I will apply a stick to your backs. So long as I live, there shall be no ranting whigmaleeries in the parish o' Whinnyliggate!"

"And what's queer about the new man?" said Nance, glancing up from her seam, and then letting her eyelashes fall slowly and, as it were, shyly.

The witch! I never thought to see her at that again, and she a decent married wife and the head of a (as yet somewhat limited) family. But as the proverb says, "That which is bred in the bone," and so forth.

Mr. Gilbert gazed at her a moment before he answered. At first (and till you get used to it), it takes you a little while to collect your thoughts when Nance looks at you like that. It does not disturb me seriously now. Perhaps that is why she tries it on the minister of the parish.

"Well," he said, "it is a little difficult to put into words but the fact is he talks as if he had just come out of prison and looks as if he had just left the nursery."

I began to be interested. I knew somebody answering to that description.

"Did you hear this marvel's name?" I asked him, looking up from my microscope into which I was fitting a new triple nose-piece.

"I have got it here—the clerk put it on the 'Agenda' paper!" He extracted a crumpled document out of his tailcoat pocket, standing up to do it.

"It says 'The Rev. Ninian Murdoch, Probationer of the Kirk of Scotland, to be received as a licentiate within the bounds of the Presbytery,'" he recited in pulpit tones, bending and wrinkling his brows over the paper.

"Evil Merodach, by all that's sacred—Nance, I must call on him to-morrow!" I cried, jumping up from my work.

"You do not know any ill of the lad, I hope," said Mr. Gilbert, a little anxiously, turning to observe me. "To tell the truth, I took rather a fancy to the young man!"

"Took a fancy to the young man?" I almost shouted; "why, of course you did! Nance, there, would have had to forbid you the house if you had not!"

"Oh!" said the minister, and sat down.

Then, being carefully let alone, he told us several things. For instance, how upon the King's highway Ninian had accosted the Moderator of the Presbytery, old Dr. Proudfoot of Hardhills, and asked him for a drive, informing that exceedingly desecrated "Moderate" that he (Ninian) was "a Brand plucked from the burning," and inquiring tenderly as to the state of his (the Moderator's) soul.

The minister paused a little in the manner of a practiced tale-teller to let us digest this, and then proceeded:

"And at first the Doctor was like to have thrown him out of the gig, and indeed did stop for the purpose of requesting him forthwith to descend. But your friend suddenly took the reins out of his hands, for it was a spirited beast he was driving, and there was a caravan of tinkers coming up the road. Indeed, if it had not been for the New Helper, the Doctor says they would undoubtedly have been thrown over the bank into the loch. So, Dr. McQuhirr, as you are a medical man and acquainted with the minister of Hardhills and the figure he makes in the flesh, I need not inform you what that would have meant. The Doctor furthermore said that it was the most wonderful driving he had ever seen in his life. He gave the Presbytery to understand that the young man (who from 'an insolent dog' had become 'a manifest instrument of Providence, sir, for the preservation of my life!') had guided the furious steed, together with the gig and its occupants, in safety over a stone wall, along the roofs of the gypsy caravans, running all the way on one wheel and the horse principally on its hind-legs—"

"Come, Gilbert," I interjected, "is this evidence?"

He smiled a little, gravely, under his black beard, and waved his briar-root at large.

"I was only trying to convey to you the impression Dr. Nancefoot gave the Presbytery."

"Well," said I, "I am neither a prophet nor the son of a prophet—though the next thing to that last. But I can tell you what the young man said of the performance himself!"

"I'd wager you an ounce of snuff you cannot!" cried the minister.

"I never either of you bring a grain of that abominable—"

"But I in my turn interrupted her."

"This is what he said, 'It's naething ava' to be speakin' to a man that has been a carter in Dundee.'"

"Dundee—to a syllable!" cried Mr. Gilbert. "Now I see you do know my man."

"Know him?" I cried; "man, I know him as well as if I had gone all through him with this Beck microscope!"

"I do not call that a very nice comparison!" said Nance seriously.

"Well," said I, "I don't mind making it a stable-lantern!"

One night I came in off the round to find my wife and Mr. Gilbert talking about love and marriage. Now I am just as glib as Nance as she is of me—which is not at all—and I can recognize that it is dull for her in a town like Cairn Edward after the bustle and diversion of a farm-town like Nether Nook. For those who think that the country is "quiet" know nothing at all about the matter. A Scottish farm-town is the heartiest place on earth, and as for stir—why, the Strand is a Highland brae-face to it.

Well, at any rate, there sat Mr. Gilbert with one hand on his knee and a teneup in the other. He was looking at Nance. That pretty villain leaped up and ran to take off my coat as soon as she heard me open the door. She gave me a quick little private hug on the far side (Nance and I did not kiss each other in public—having come to an understanding on that point early in our married life).

"Do you know, Alec, Mr. Gilbert says that he will never marry!" she cried, giving the poor man's soul revelations away without a pang. "I wish you would tell him that it is a tempting of Providence to boast of such wickedness!"

"Well, Nance," I made answer, nodding to Gilbert, "I

"It is all very well for you to talk!" said the minister, looking at Nance. He, also, was squaring himself.

He bent and knocked his empty pipe on the edge of the grate.

"Yes—you may smoke," said Nance; "you have not observed it, but this is the dining-room!"

Mr. Gilbert looked about him in a bewildered manner which comes from living much alone.

"I declare, so it is!" he said. Then he smiled, quietly, and we waited.

"I have rather a good story about your man—speaking of marriage reminds me of it," he began. (This was what he always called Ninian. The latter, I may interpolate, we had seen time and again since his coming to Whinnyliggate, and found him just the same much-experienced cherubic innocent as ever. He was rapidly adding Gallovidian Scots to his other perplexities of accentuation.) "You know Rorrison of Ingles-ton?" queried the minister, clearing the ground for his story.

We did. Who, indeed, in Galloway did not know that full-blooded, roystering blade, who now, at an age when most men begin to settle down, remained the same rustic "buck" he had been twenty-five years before. His travelling Clydesdale "entures" were on every road, his loud voice and rubicund face pervaded every market-place, and his deeds and misdeeds were ever on the popular tongue. Though his praise could not be said to be in the churches, he was a fairly regular "hearer" in the parish of Whinnyliggate, and therefore a leading parishioner of Ninian's.

Mr. Gilbert did not refer to all this. "Well," was all he said. We knew Rorrison of Ingles-ton—good; that was enough by way of preface.

"Well," repeated Mr. Gilbert again, "you also know his daughter Ellen?"

Nance nodded. I did not, for when I went away she was quite a schoolgirl, and now the Rorrisons adhered medically to my senior colleague, Dr. Hearsman.

"She is growing a bonny lass enough, though favoring her mother more than her father," said the minister. "And this Ninian of yours is not blind. At least, it seems that on several occasions he had convoyed Ellen Rorrison part of the way

the English fancy farmer from Knockcannon on Deeside, who (they say) has a shrewd eye for Ellen Rorrison and another for her father's thousands.

"And as each man came up the stairs, Big Tony met him at the stairhead and whispered something in his ear. Then he introduced the 'young minister' in glowing terms as the glasses and decanters were being brought in. Finally, Rorrison went out and brought in a kettle which he set on the hob with solicitous care.

"I am no to say a drinker," Ninian declared; "it does not become one who is a Brand plucked from the burning, but it will never be said that a son of Murdo Murdoch of Cammelton showed himself unsocial!"

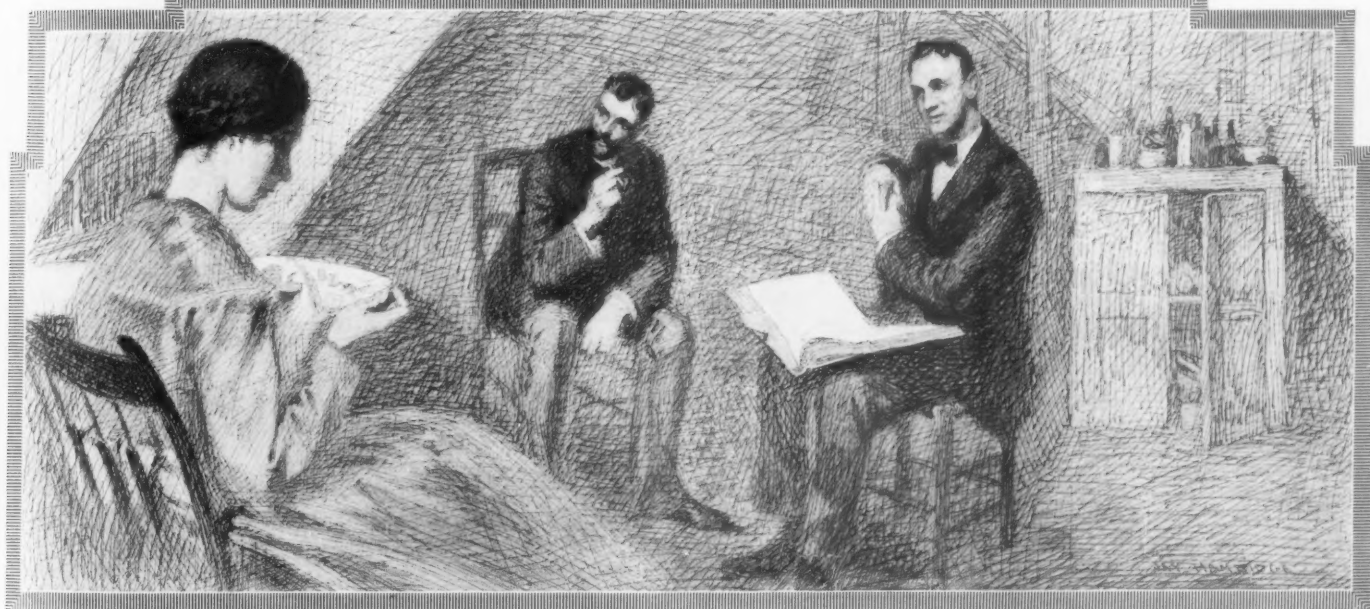
"Bravo—nobly said!" the party chorused; "no man can say better!"

(It may be as well to say in this place that the later unwritten law by which the most part of ministers abstain was not then thought of. In those days the mildest and most evangelical of ministers took their glass and were considered none the worse for it. This is not a treatise on clerical morals, but a historical document.—N. McQ.)

"So they began. Those of the party who had been warned drank their drink tumbler for tumbler with Ninian and Ninian with them. The only difference was that Ninian's tumbler was always solicitously filled up from the kettle on the hearth, and those of the others only from the cold-water jug. This of itself would have put any one else on his guard, but Ninian was far too innocent to harbor any suspicion. Nevertheless, he kept the company merry with tales of his strange adventures till the light began to come in the east, and the window-blinds grew lighter than the guttering candles. But by this time the company had grown strangely few, and still Ninian talked on. Some had softly subsided, and others—but enough!" (Mr. Gilbert observed that Nance was growing restive.) "It is sufficient to say that when the sun streamed in at the window Ninian alone was left, sitting victoriously upright in his place at the empty board.

"The door opened and Ellen looked in."

"How do you know that?" interjected Nance.



"THAT IS NOT A VERY NICE STORY!" SHE SAID AT LAST. "AND YET—"

don't see what you have got to do with it, that you should be in a fret. But if you mean that I am not giving satisfaction—"

I made a motion toward the cupboard where I kept my posies.

"Pray don't be silly, Alec," cried Nance; "'better the devil I ken than the devil I dinna ken.' But do try to be reasonable—and," in a tone of great acerbity, "will—you—drink—your—tea—while—it—is—hot!"

I drank it—scalding. I knew better than to murmur.

"Now tell Mr. Gilbert," she commanded, "that—that—"

"He must get married whether he likes it or not! Certainly, my dear! Gilbert, what do you mean by it? Get married, sir, at once!"

Nance's eyes fairly snapped, like a spark driven from an electric battery.

"You are just as silly as he is!" she said, and turned her shoulder to the pair of us.

"Now, mistress," said I meekly, "are you not a little difficult to please? Gilbert won't get married to please you—I would and did. We are both equally foolish. Pray, what are your men to do?"

Nance did not answer in words. She only looked at me and nodded. But that nod meant "Wait! I will pay you out!"

Then the minister broke in.

"This is most unseemly—not to say embarrassing for me," he said, in his melancholy way. "What I was saying to your wife when you came in was, that after a man gets to a certain age he passes the point of danger, like—well, like a comet that breaks away from the sun to dissipate itself in space."

"Bravo, Gilbert! a most exact and learned simile. Why do you not keep that for your next sermon?" said I.

"Because you would not be there to hear it!" he replied apologetically. He had a quick, quaint way with him, and his words had a natural edge which made him detested of windbags and the parishioner.

"Well, seriously, Gilbert," I said, willing to curry favor with Nance, "a man of your temperament ought to get married if only in justice to himself. You will certainly smoke too much and get bilious—besides laying up for yourself a lonely old age."

home. Her father heard of the matter and vowed vengeance on the audacious 'helper' upon the earliest opportunity, if he should ever catch him 'cuikin' round his daughter.

"So one Monday night on the back of byre-time, when Rorrison had just returned from market rather flushed in the face, who should come stepping into the Ingles-ton yard, walking 'caigly' together, but just Ellen and Master Ninian Murdoch, probationer of the Kirk of Scotland.

"Rorrison, heated with the product of the 'Blue Boar' (and sundry 'tastes' on the way home), blustered up to the pair of them.

"'I thought I had told you, sirrah,' he shouted, 'goldeerin' like a turkey-cock, 'that if ever I caught you talking to my daughter I would thrash you to within an inch of your life!'"

"'No, Maister Rorrison,' retorted the cherub, 'indeed you never told me that!'"

"'I told Eelan—and that is the same thing!' cried Rorrison, making a demonstration with his whip.

"'It may be,' responded your man, without any heat; 'me and the young lady were not speakin' much about things like that!'"

"This angered Rorrison so much that he was about to strike the 'helper,' but just as the whip was descending the Probationer caught him by both wrists and bent him down till he found himself sitting on the ground—as easily as if Muckle Tony Rorrison's arms had been plow-handles, was the description of an eye-witness.

"And what did Rorrison do then?" cried Nance, her eyes sparkling. "Oh, if I had been Eelan I would have given Ninian a kiss!"

"As to that I have no information," continued the minister dryly; "but, at any rate, Rorrison got up and pretended to be more than pleased. He slapped Ninian on the back, carried him off into the house, cried that he had never seen such a man, that there were some good fellows coming, and by—various things—they would make a night of it at the Ingles-ton that night."

"He sent his daughter to her bed early, and Master Ninian got no more speech with Mistress Ellen that night—or, at least, not just then; for the usual gang of hard drinkers began to pour in—Tamson of the Glen, Heslop of Munraig, Drouthy Davie of Crosspatrick, and last of all young Kitson,

"The Ingles-ton kitchen lass telled my kirk officer!" returned the narrator in a lower tone so as not to break his story.

"Ellen Rorrison it was who looked in with a white and anxious face.

"'I bid you good-morning,' said the Cherub, smiling upon her and holding out his hand.

"'Where are the others?' says she, not giving him her hand at once.

"'Oh,' says Ninian, going eagerly toward her, 'they appeared some fatigued and gae'd awa' awhile syne!'"

"'Do you know,' says the lass, 'what it is you have been drinking all night?'"

"'No,' says Ninian; 'it wasna' very strong stuff at a' events!'"

"'My father meant to make you drunk—to disgrace you,' she said, very angry like; 'he put whiskey into the kettle to boil instead o' water, and has been filling up your glass with it all the night.'"

"Then Ninian the Cherub smiled (so the kitchen-lass told my John).

"'He made a mistak,' says he. 'It was foolish o' him to think that a bit trifle like that could make any difference to a son o' Murdo Murdoch, that is nicht watchman at the Cammelton Distillery, and wha forbye has been mair nor ten year a carter in Dundee! I think I'll gang hame and write my Sabbath's sermon!'"

"And with that the lass and your man went down the stair together.

"And whether she crowned him with the laurels of the victor, I know not. But the byre-lass telled John that it was quite a while before she opened the front door and let him out!"

The minister rose to go. He looked down at Nance, expecting her to shake hands with him. But she was musing on something.

"That is not a very nice story!" she said at last. "And yet—I don't know—there is something nice about it, too!"



DRAWN BY WILLIAM BENGOUGH,
OUR SPECIAL ARTIST IN THE
PHILIPPINE ISLANDS

IN THE HEART OF

THE SWORD DANCE OF THE MOROS AT BUNGAO IN THE SULU GROUP OF THE



T OF SULU LAND

P OF THE PHILIPPINE ISLANDS, OUR MOST SOUTHERLY POSSESSION—(SEE PAGE 15)

The POLITICAL CONTEST of 1900

By HENRY LOOMIS NELSON

VII

THE TRUST ISSUE

THE DEMOCRATS expect to make a strong point in their own behalf against the trusts. In 1896, their platform, so far as this subject was concerned, demanded a stricter Federal supervision over railroads and trusts; but this year the condemnation of combinations of wealth will be more vigorous and more general. The vast extent of these combinations, their rapid increase and great development, have this year called the attention of the country to them as it has never been called before.



THE BUSINESS MAN

The weakness of the Democratic case is that it will not be presented or formulated by business men or by economists, but by politicians who will simply desire to make a case, and to appeal to the popular fear of the monster whose virtues are unknown and whose vices are largely imaginary. The Republican party is not opposed to so-called trusts, but it is drifting to a right solution of the problem, which was formulated by Governor Roosevelt in his annual message of this year, and which may be tersely expressed as publicity and taxation. That is, this is the solution of the trust problem as it is presented by private combinations of capital which do not rest upon government aid. Quasi public combinations which use the highways of the State, such as railroad, telegraph, and telephone lines, also come within the policy thus outlined. On this question thus presented, the Republican party would not only be right, but, except in a time of depression, would surely carry the country. The opposition to this policy, or the denial that it is sufficiently radical, comes from the Populists and the kind of Democrats who have driven the gold standard men out of the party, and who are insisting that Bryan shall be the candidate of the Kansas City Convention on the dead silver issue. These opponents of trusts do not know what a trust is. They do not understand that the old trust, which pooled the property and business of several corporations under one management, has ceased to exist, and so they go on shouting "trust" against every corporation which seems to them to be too large for the safety of the state, or for the welfare of the community. They shut their eyes to reductions of price which, in many instances, have followed the combinations of capital, and to the resultant economy in administration and distribution. They see the small producer or refiner of oil driven out of business and do not, or will not, see the fall in the cost of the oil to the consumer. These men are simply the blind enemies of wealth. To them, any unusual wealth is pernicious, and the result of crime. It may have once been true that no man could honestly make a million dollars, although no rational man will accept this glib philosophy without better evidence than has yet been produced. But if it ever was true, it is so no longer.



ROOSEVELT

The people who make war on wealth in this country, however, contribute an important factor in the voting. They number millions. Their party has been growing while the old Republican and Democratic parties have hardly been holding their own. They are the people from among whom come Bryan, Pettigrew, Debs, and a small army of other leaders whose utterances on this subject are always denunciatory. These enemies of accumulated wealth, of the banks, the railroad, the great corporations, all of which they bunch under the common name of trusts, or, rather, of plutocracy, have long been nursing their wrath. They catch up every club which seems to them to be a good weapon with which they can strike at their enemy, the capitalist. Thirty years ago, they went to Congress and asked for a reduction of tariff dues. They were paying most of the charges of the tariff. The taxes which were making the manufacturers prosperous were keeping them poor. Moreover, the tariff of that day had been levied as a war tax. It was intended to raise funds essential for the preservation of the Union; their patriotism responded, and they bore the war's burdens without complaining. No sacrifice was so great that they would not willingly endure it for the sake of their country; but, in 1870, the war was over, the government had long been taking from the people, in taxes, much more money than was needed for its expenses, and so they went to the Republican party and asked for relief. Moreover, the manufacturers themselves had been released of a large part of their internal revenue taxes and some of the existing tariff duties had been originally levied to compensate them for these very internal taxes. Now they were enjoying the compensation and had been relieved of the burden for which it was established. Republican Con-



THE FARMER

gressmen from the West, including Mr. Garfield, were at first in favor of granting the relief, but before long the protectionists gained complete control of the party, and from that time on it has been the party of high tariff. Then the people of the West turned to the Democratic party, and, because of its promises, they began electing Democrats as members of the House of Representatives. They expected reform of the tariff, but the promises of the Democratic party were not fulfilled, because the majority of its representatives in Congress were invariably defeated by a minority, first under the lead of Randall, and then under the lead of Gorman. Finally, when the Wilson bill of 1894 was transformed into a protective measure by Democratic Senators, the West and South revolted. They took up any issue, entered into any proffered combination, for the sake of redress and revenge. They adopted the heresies of populism, turned their backs upon their old leaders who had devoted themselves to their cause, and made the silver issue the leading one of the campaign. The betrayal of the Democratic party by its protective minority increased the rage against the East.

This blind rage against the East, or Wall Street, or the money power, includes the hostility to the trusts; that is, the irrational hostility, that which does not discriminate but which is inspired by hatred of wealth. Some of this hatred is not real but is assumed by demagogues, but there are millions of people in the West and the South with whom it is sincere, and who honestly believe that the moneyed interests of the country are engaged in a conspiracy to impoverish the agricultural interests for their own profit, and that the Republican party aids the unholy combination by lending it the power of the government, and especially the taxing power. For most of this unreasoning hatred the obduracy and the exactions of the protected interests are responsible.

If the trust issue were confined to the ignorant crusade which the Populists and Bryan's supporters have always made upon accumulated wealth, the Republican party would have very little to fear from this issue. The question has been tried, and while the enemies of the East are dangerously strong, especially outside of New England and the Middle States, the East is yearly reaching further toward the West, and the verdict of the country has been cast against the Populists and the Bryanites even in a year of great commercial and industrial depression. It is probable that the mere war on accumulated wealth, or combinations of capital, fully developed its strength in 1896, and will never again cast so large a vote as that which it then cast against Mr. McKinley. Labor itself is beginning to comprehend that combinations cannot be one-sided; that if the wage-earners join together for the purpose of forcing better conditions for themselves, the capitalists must be granted the right to make combinations for their own protection, and for the purpose of decreasing the cost of administration and distribution.

If the trust issue involved simply the old, almost inarticulate screams against combinations, we should see the screamers badly thrashed, and we should soon be at the threshold of a day when the evils of combinations are to be discussed, and perhaps treated, rationally. But there is another phase of the trust question which must come into this campaign—something definite and tangible, which cannot escape discussion. It is through the trust issue principally that we are to have a revival of the tariff discussion. It is one of the most potent signs of Mr. Bryan's incapacity that he turned his back upon the tariff issue at a time when it was distinctly the leading issue of the country, so thought to be by the Republicans themselves who had made up their minds to nominate their Arch-Master in the art of tariff oppression. Not only does the tariff issue express far more clearly and explicitly than any other the fundamental difference between the Republican party and the rest of the country, but it furnishes a sane political issue. In contending for freedom from burdensome tariff taxation, the Democrats contend for the freedom of the individual, against class legislation, against the partnership of the government in private business enterprises. Free coinage of silver, on the other hand, and money issued by the government are fitting pendants of protection. When Mr. Bryan threw the tariff issue over his shoulder and took up the money question, he admitted either that he did not know fundamental principles or did not care for them. It is a fact never before published, so far as I know, that, in 1884, when William R. Morrison was endeavoring to secure the passage of his bill reducing tariff taxes, he sent to Samuel J. Tilden and requested his aid. He thought rightly that Mr. Tilden possessed influence over Mr. Randall, who was doing his utmost to defeat Democratic promises and to defend the protective tariff law of 1883. Mr. Morrison also thought, and this time incorrectly, that Mr. Tilden was a sincere opponent of the principle of protection. He learned better when he received an answer from Mr. Tilden to the effect that there "were no votes in the tariff issue."



GORMAN



WILSON



THE DEMAGOGUE



McKINLEY



BRYAN

This was the opinion of a politician who, in this instance, put himself first, his party second, and his country third. Mr. Bryan poses as a patriot, as something more than a mere politician, but his attitude toward the tariff question four years ago was precisely that of Mr. Tilden in 1884. He abandoned a principle in abandoning the tariff issue, and he took up an issue which is radically hostile to the principle. In doing so Mr. Bryan betrayed either his incapacity or his insincerity. Moreover, he betrayed his folly. The natural issue of the campaign of 1896 was the tariff. In 1894, the protected interests had angered the country almost beyond measure. By reason of their influence exerted over some Eastern Democratic Senators they had changed the Wilson bill, a measure granting important reforms, into a high-protection act. Besides, for the first time, a so-called trust had been accused of interfering in its own behalf in the progress of the legislation. In fact, it was so powerful that it was able to prevent the Conference Committee of the two Houses from striking out of the bill the gains which it had made by favor of the Senate. It was both the duty and the policy of the revenue reformers of the Democratic party to repudiate their betrayers and to pursue their path persistently and courageously. The nomination of a great revenue-reform Democrat would have been the logical and proper answer to the nomination of McKinley; but the Democratic party, at Chicago, took Bryan and silver and, in doing so, turned their backs not only upon an issue with which the people were familiar, and concerning which they were aroused, but upon a fundamental and essential principle. If the Democratic party had been logical in 1896, we should have had a battle royal between the forces which Bryan thinks he represents and the beneficiaries of the tariff. As it was, we had the overwhelming defeat of grafted populism.

The tariff issue is so essential, so natural an issue, inescapable so long as we have a protective tariff on our statute books, that it is about to thrust itself upon Mr. Bryan and his party in spite of them. Bryan is making war on trusts and the Republican party is helping him in vagueness. There is, however, one kind of trust against which a definite issue can be raised, and that is the trust which secures its opportunity from the protective tariff. While the Republican State Conventions are talking against trusts and indicating that they are not really against them, but only for their regulation, they are approving of the Dingley law which has been the fruitful mother of trusts. They are also commending the great shipbuilding trust which Senator Hanna is endeavoring to establish, the trust which is to tax the country at least nine million dollars a year, this sum to be presented to ship-owners and shipbuilders who are already, unaided by the government, making fortunes in their undertakings. Inarticulate almost as the Democrats have been in their anti-trust showings, there are some features of the question which they cannot ignore or escape, and which they will be forced to debate, and in these features will be found the issue between the parties.

Trusts like the American Wire and Steel Company, Federal steel, the tinplate trust, the lead trust, and other combinations owe their power to the tariff. They absolutely command the domestic market, and have so enormously increased the prices of their products as to decrease consumption. The tinplate trust, for example, has so greatly raised the price of cans that canning has been curtailed, and the market of the fruit and vegetable growers has been narrowed. The owners of the American Wire and Steel Company have injured the mechanics and farmers who use their nails and their fence wire, while it has so overproduced that mills have been shut down and thousands of working people have been thrown out of employment. Although the tariff enables these trusts to command the domestic market, and to charge what prices they will to the consumers, their cost of production is so reduced that they undersell foreign competitors in their own markets, charging the foreigner less than they charge the domestic consumers. As an illustration of this, an incident in connection with the business of the American Wire and Steel Company is pertinent. A wholesale merchant bought of this company a cargo of nails for export, paying therefor the price charged the foreigner. He exported these nails to Europe, brought them back, paying the freight both ways, and sold them here at a price lower than that which the trust charged the American consumer. For this he was punished by this trust, which refused to sell him any more nails.

In these facts are embodied the trust issue in which there is any reason or any hope for the Democratic party. Whether the strength of this issue will dawn upon the mind of Mr. Bryan it would be temerity to say. The issue will be discussed by others, however, and, with the expansion of the protective policy to the new possessions, will revive the whole tariff debate. It is a debate into which, from a purely political point of view, the Democratic party ought to hasten, for if they leave it to time for settlement, the growing desire of the protected interests for a commercial policy will transform the Republican party into a free-trade organization, leaving to the Democrats and their only candidate, imperialism aside, nothing but the issues which they have inherited from the Populists.



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A MORO SWORD DANCE AT BUNGAO

(SEE DOUBLE PAGE)

OF ALL the puzzled people who have recently seen the new flag of the United States rise over them, the Moros of the southern Philippine Islands are the most interesting and peculiar.

All Mohammedans were Moors or Moros to the Spaniards of the early days; and although these southern islanders are in no way connected with the Moors, except in religion, the Spaniards regarded them as their natural foes. For three hundred years Spain accordingly struggled fruitlessly to conquer and convert these savage people to Christianity.

This was an object lesson to the Americans on "how not to do it." General Bates was given instructions, therefore, to conclude a treaty of friendship with the Moros, and to him belongs the credit of having arranged the terms upon which the Moros recognize the sovereignty of the United States, while retaining their own independent government.

The Moro sultan is supreme over his own people, and the Americans are represented by a few scattered garrisons, that attend to their own business of mounting guard and waiting for mail from home, leaving their Moro neighbors beyond the outposts free to do as seemeth best in the sight of their Dato chiefs.

Thus these Mohammedans continue in the full enjoyment of their inalienable rights, and the enjoyment of their peculiar lives, liberties and pursuits of happiness, in which pursuit they are greatly assisted by their long, sharp knives.

On their fifty or more habitable islands, they continue, then, to worship in their own Mohammedan way, to bear the responsibilities of as many wives and families as they can afford, to keep as many slaves as they can get, to chew betel-nut, and fight with sharp knives, to dance and sing and be absolutely the most disreputable, picturesque, dirty and interesting mortals who decorate the earth to-day.

A keen-edged knife, heavy enough to sever the head of an enemy, is the one absolutely necessary possession of a Moro. Like the Texas man's revolver, it may not be needed often, but if it will suddenly slash an enemy's right arm off unexpectedly from behind, our Moro feels that he has not carried it in vain.

Of such is Moro valor. Give him a gorgeous red, green and orange-colored sash, in which to hold his trusty knife and box of betel-nut, and he can dispense with the remainder of his wardrobe, and frequently he does. But take away his knife (if you dare), and he would consider himself naked indeed, brilliant in clothes in many colors though he might be.

These knives are of various shapes and weights, usually long and heavy. The Barong, most commonly used, is a fish-shaped blade, accurately balanced for cutting. So strong and heavy is it that it slashes through body and bone at a blow. For thrusting, the famous creepy looking Malay creese is used; these are either straight or waved, snakelike two-edged blades. For other uses are various fascinating weapons, two-handed swords, beheading knives, spears and daggers. For defence, they have clumsy wooden shields and coats-of-mail made of chain and caribao horn-plates.

A freeborn Moro scorns work as something far beneath his dignity. His slaves and wives labor for him, while he strolls about with other men of leisure, or serves in his Dato's train of followers.

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He has plenty of time for sociability, and will sit and lounge about tirelessly, watching the American soldiers at work or play. He is pleased, however, when he has the opportunity to show his skill with the knife, and when his audience is composed of high officials he is particularly proud to dance and fence. On all special occasions, the monotony of garrison life is enlivened by Moro music and sword dances.

Lights are brought out into the open air, when these entertainments happen at night; grass mats are spread on the ground for the dancers. Around about the American officers and dancers the motley crowd of interested natives gather in a circle, their gay colors, queer clothing, and stolid faces touched dimly by the lights which shine brightly on the dancers. The musicians complete the assembly, and when they strike up, the dancers, stepping on the mats, begin their stealthy, catlike movements, stamping their bare feet, waving their arms, turning their bodies, now suddenly swift, then cautiously slow, careful of their knives, for these are no mere stage properties, but the genuine keen-edged articles.

Through the din of the barbarous music rises an occasional shout. This music is pounded out of various-toned gongs in irregular measure. A row of small gongs is arranged on wooden strips, which are laid ladder-like across two long bamboo poles, so that their ring may be as clear as possible. Two large bass gongs of different tones, suspended from a bamboo tripod, boom out at short, irregular intervals, accompanying the chiming of the smaller gongs.

This weird thumping, banging and booming is usually accompanied by beating with the hands or sticks on the grass mats or anything else which will give out sound. Upon the occasion at Bungao, illustrated on the double page, an empty kerosene can was found by one of the women musicians while on her tour of curiosity through camp, and the possibilities of this can as a new musical instrument appealing to her delicate taste, she was allowed to use it, with startling effect, as the chief piece of the orchestra.

Bungao can boast of little else than a flag-pole from which the American flag floats over its most southerly stronghold. Here, five degrees from the equator, ends that chain of coral shoals and volcanic mountains which reach up out of the beautiful southern waters, from Luzon in the north, seven hundred miles due south to Bungao. When one has sailed for a week between these islands, which are marked on our maps as mere specks, they grow to an astonishing size. Thousands of them in all, from mountain ranges hundreds of miles long to coral reefs around which the opalescent waters sparkle over the branching coral beds below, and the rainbow-colored fish are seen swimming in the crystal depths of the Sulu Sea, which leaves the beautiful islands at Bungao and stretches on to Borneo.

WM. BENOUGH.

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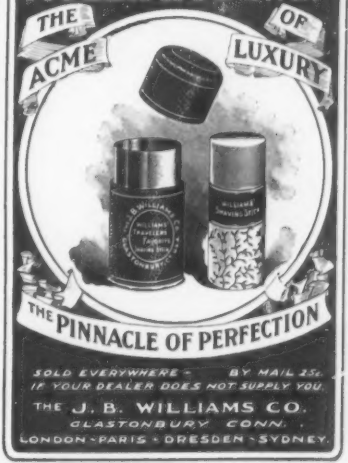
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From a Woman's Viewpoint

Edited by
MARGARET E. SANGSTER

PREPARATIONS FOR A DEEP-SEA VOYAGE

IT MAY HAPPEN to anybody, even to a confirmed stay-at-home, to occasionally take a long voyage. Unless we are like Dr. Johnson, and think the best way to travel is to sit comfortably in the library and read the records of the travels of others, we may in person take a trip which our friends at their firesides may read of and discuss and perhaps envy. After we have decided to risk the discomforts of the world and have chosen our route, there comes the ever-perplexing question of what shall we take with us? The Eastern liners from New York and Boston to the Continent have reached so advanced a state of perfection in the way of accommodations and conveniences as to simplify this problem very materially as far as they are concerned; but we have not yet proved ourselves such long-distance voyagers as to find the same accommodations on deep-sea steamers. Probably this will not be the case in a few years, for each year people think less of long trips as out of the common, and Americans, especially, are penetrating every corner of the civilized world.

In packing for a long trip at sea there are two classes of travellers to consider—the traveller who takes one stoutly built trunk and the traveller who takes several trunks. The man of the latter class belongs more properly to the short-trip liners, to the occupants of the dinner-dressing saloons and richly carpeted promenades; but now and then he drifts into taking a long journey on the sea, and usually regrets it. His class is, however, small, and it is with the second class that we have to deal, the class that goes out to see the world, and not to be seen by it, and that wishes to do this with as little worry and inconvenience as possible. For a man only a small wardrobe is necessary—a rough suit to stand wind and rain, a travelling cap, a sweater, an overcoat, son's vester, raincoat and rubber boots for rainy weather, a lighter suit and shade hat for the tropics, and he is prepared for all climates. A sensible woman will live in a short skirt, a dress that she is not afraid of ruining when she sits down on the hatches or leans against the rails wet with sea salt. Serge and double-faced cloths make the most serviceable suits. Loose waists with turn-down collars are great comforts, for they are easy to slip on when one wishes to hurry out into the fresh air or at a call on deck to view some wonderful sea-sight. A golf cape with a hood, a steamer rug, deck pillows (if these are not furnished), a sou'wester, mackintosh and rubber boots, a small hat with a brim to shade your eyes and hold your hair back from your face, are the few articles necessary in every trunk. As most long trips embrace several varieties of climate, one must make allowances for such, after which the packing must be according to individual tastes. Most of the deep-water steamers and sailing vessels have well-supplied medicine chests, but it is well to have a small case of familiar remedies like camphor, arnica, ammonia, and Jamaica ginger, with a small bottle of bay rum or toilet water to bathe the face flushed with sea-winds and a flask of sour wine as a stimulant. Sugar of lemon may be purchased at almost any drug store, and this, or a bottle of lime-juice, will make a welcome drink after the fresh fruits have given out and the condensed water has become unbearable.



SEÑORA GARCIA DE AZPIROZ
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For amusement, it is again the individual taste that should be considered; but little of anything that will keep one indoors is advisable, for it is always the time when you are indoors that the mate sees the largest whale, or that the finest school of porpoises is passed. A few books with stout covers that may be carried out on deck will aid in passing some of the more monotonous hours. Russell's sea-stories and Walt Whitman's sea-verse are easily understood, and Kipling will thrill and delight one even more than on shore. A kodak will enable the voyager to bring back souvenirs of the trip, which, with all the trouble and worry the kodak may cause, one will never regret having taken.



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IN SURVEYING women in agriculture, we are not regarding ignorant peasants working in the fields under the hardest possible conditions as day-laborers of the lowest type, but educated women skilled in the finer arts of agriculture, and able to compete with trained workers of the



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other sex in departments for centuries monopolized by men. The Twentieth Century Woman, the woman who comes, will be one who has recognized her imperative need of thorough preparation and discipline in whatever line she selects and one who brings to the world's market her fine intuitions, her deft touch, her quick sympathies, and her store of practical knowledge. Our English sisters, with the quietness and absence of excitement peculiar to their forward movements in women's progress, have successfully demonstrated in the Lady Warwick Hostel, connected with Reading College, woman's ability to learn gardening, bee-keeping, dairy management, and the cultivation for the table and the market of fruits and vegetables. Lady



THE COUNTESS OF WARWICK

Warwick's enterprise is still in the large hall cumber 10, 1898. Lord dictated the happiest results founder, Lady Warwick, in speech, insisted that parsonage marriage of their thorough an outfit for life, taints of fortune, as they duty to provide for their horticulture women could men, and in dairy work it might easily supersede In our swiftly-moving to 1900 is a short one. On Hostel, 1899, Mr. Asquith well-known ladies and gentlemen their congratulations to birthday, and the birthday which had passed the ex-had flocked to Reading to pleasant outdoor labor, remuneration, and though the minimum period of instruction is two years, and a longer time is strongly advised, there is no lack of applicants for every vacancy. The students may choose one of several courses, and among the graduates will be gardeners who may aspire to paid positions on large or small estates, practical butter and cheese makers, able to undertake the entire care of any dairy, bee-keepers, poultry-raisers, and, in short, efficient and skilled workers in every agricultural field. In a country where men are largely demanded for the army, it is particularly fitting that women should be armed against life's vicissitudes by the most comprehensive and intelligent special training practicable for them to receive. Lady Warwick's scheme is under the patronage of one of the most progressive women of the day,



LADY WARWICK HOSTEL—WORKING ON THE LAWN

the Dowager Empress Frederick of Germany, who has been immensely interested in it from the initial steps of the undertaking. Our illustrations show the comfortable accommodations for students, and are suggestive of the fact that this comparatively new line of wage-earning occupation will enlist gentlewomen, and draw recruits from the ranks of the well-educated and well-born.

One folds the little white hands and lays a flower between,
And sees death's lilies pale, where life's sweet rose hath been,
And aches through all her heart, beside the baby face serene.

One smiles a brave good-morrow and walks with even tread,
The while she bears the burden of a great and nameless dread;
God wot—a living grief is worse than the peace that folds the dead.

"Reversible" LINENE Collars & Cuffs

Stylish, convenient, economical; made of fine cloth, and finished in pure starch on both sides. Turn down collars are reversible and give double service.

REG. TRADE MARK

No Laundry Work.
When soiled discard. Ten collars or five pairs of cuffs, 25c. By mail, 30c. Send 6c. in stamps for sample collar or pair of cuffs. Name size and style.

REVERSIBLE COLLAR CO., Dept. 16, BOSTON
BIRMINGHAM, BOSTON, TACSON, MILWAUKEE, RAPID CITY

\$2.75 buys a MAPLE AND BEECH Baby Carriage

Victor Manfg. Co. 161 to 167 Plymouth Place, CHICAGO, ILLINOIS.

MILK WEED CREAM

The Natural Skin Food

"Is marvelously good" says Sarah Bernhardt. It will bring back all the purity of the natural complexion, removing pimples, tan, freckles, sunburn, black-heads—all skin eruptions.

50 CENTS per 2 oz. jar at druggist or by mail.

SEND STAMP FOR FREE SAMPLE.

FREDERICK F. INGRAM & COMPANY,
78 Tenth Street, Detroit, Mich.

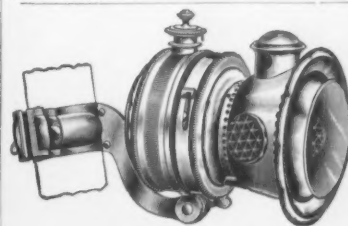
W. & J. Sloane

are prepared to make to order, from special designs in color by their own artists.

WHOLE CARPETS.
woven in one piece to fit any desired floor space. They may be made in French Aubusson and Savonnerie, Berlin and English hand tufted, or Scotch Chenille Axminster. Orders placed now will be ready for Autumn delivery.

Correspondence Invited.

Broadway & 19th St.
NEW YORK.



THAT IS THE O. K. 1900


Acetylene Gas Lamp, and it is "O. K." The disadvantages of heavy weight and cumbersome size overcome. Best material and workmanship and all the latest improvements in gas lamps. Reversible bracket, allowing change in elevation of four inches. No other lamp has this. If your dealer doesn't carry it, we send express prepaid to any point in the U. S. for \$2.50. Descriptive booklet free.

SEAL LOCK CO.,
169 Washington St.,
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STARK TREES BEST by Test—74 YEARS. Largest Nursery. Fruit Book free. We PAY CASH WEEKLY & want MORE HOME & traveling salesmen.

STARK BROS., LOUISIANA, Mo.; Danville, N.Y.

Chester Suspenders



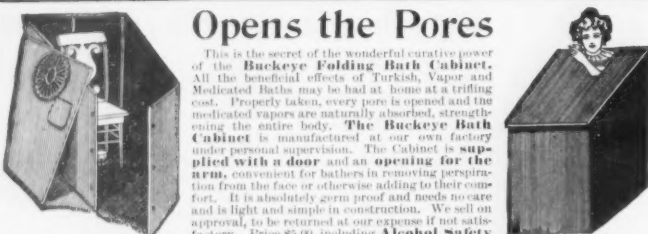
THE JUDGMENT

of careful dressers respecting Chester Suspenders is practically unanimous. Light, neat, and stylish as do not lose their stretch as others do. The "Chester" at 50c; a cheaper model at 25c. Sample pairs, postpaid, on receipt of price. Nicked drawers supporters free to purchaser for dealer's name if he is out of them.

Chester Suspender Co., 3 Decatur Ave., Roxbury Crossing, Mass.

Branch Factory,
Bruckville, Ont.

Opens the Pores



This is the secret of the wonderful curative power of the **Buckeye Folding Bath Cabinet**. All the beneficial effects of Turkish Vapor and Medicated Baths may be had at home at a trifling cost. Properly taken, every pore is opened and the medicated vapors are naturally absorbed, strengthening the entire body. The **Buckeye Bath Cabinet** is manufactured at our own factory under personal supervision. The Cabinet is supplied with a door and an opening for the arms, convenient for bathers in removing perspiration from the face or otherwise adding to their comfort. It is absolutely germ proof and needs no care and is light and simple in construction. We sell on approval, to be returned at our expense if not satisfactory. Price \$5.00, including Alcohol Safety Valve and Recipes for all kinds of medicated baths. **LADIES** should have our **Complexion Steamer**, used in conjunction with the Cabinet. The only safe method of drawing away all impurities, leaving the skin clear and soft as velvet. Price \$1.00 extra.

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Blindness

Prevented and Cured

By the Great "Actina," an Electrical Pocket Battery which removes Cataracts, Pterygia, and restores vision. Positive proof of cures given. No Cutting or Drugging. Eighteen years' success. Write for our 50-page Dictionary of Diseases, Free. Address **NEW YORK & LONDON ELECTRIC ASSN, Dept. 20, Arlington Building, Kansas City, Mo.**



No Fire, Smoke, Heat. Absolutely Safe. Send 5 stamps for Catalog. **TRUSCOTT BOAT MFG. CO., ST. JOSEPH, MICH.**

St. Lawrence River Trip

Shooting the rapids of the St. Lawrence made even the wild heart of an Indian leap with excitement. Here's a recreative, instructive, exhilarating trip for you. To Niagara Falls (stop over allowed), down Niagara Gorge on electric cars, past Whirlpool Rapids at the water's edge, cross Lake Ontario to Toronto, then through the Thousand Islands and St. Lawrence River Rapids to Montreal—return by rail. Round trip ticket—long limit—from Detroit \$26.80, from Chicago \$37.00, from St. Louis \$44.00, from Kansas City \$56.00. If you live South or West of Detroit, let us quote you a rate from your home city. Our booklet suggests Summer Tours \$20 to \$100 illustrates them with beautiful engravings and gives valuable information to the contemplating summer vacationist. Bound in cloth—you will want to preserve it. It is free.

Wabash Railroad, Summer Tour Department, 1310 Lincoln Trust Building, ST. LOUIS.

PARALYSIS Locomotor Ataxia conquered at last. Doctors puzzled. Specialists amazed at recovery of patients thought incurable, by Dr. Chase's Blood and Nerve Food. Write me about your case. Advice and money sent free. **DR. CHASE, 221 N. 10th St., PHILADELPHIA, PA.**

FREE to Ladies



CORSIQUE positively fills out all hollow and scrawny places, develops and adds perfect shape to the whole form wherever deficient. Guaranteed To **DEVELOP ANY BUST** or Money Refunded. Corsique is the Original French Firm and Bust Developer, and NEVER FAILS. Booklet mailed free showing a perfectly developed form with full instructions how to become beautiful. Write today and see demonstration.

Mrs. TAMM THOLET CO., Dept. C, 309 E. 63d St., Chicago, Ill.

THE IDEAL SIGHT RESTORER



WE RESTORE SIGHT! CLASSES RENDER DEFECTIVE VISION CHRONIC.

Write for our **ILLUSTRATED TREATISE, Mailed Free.**

THE IDEAL COMPANY, 239 BROADWAY, NEW YORK.



A LONG-RANGE DUEL

GENERAL BOTHA, the famous Boer commander, once fought something like a duel with Wools Sampson, who will be remembered as a Reform prisoner. During the Boer War of 1881 Mr. Sampson, on the British side, and Botha on the Dutch, during an outpost skirmish potted at one another from behind stones. Sampson thought he hit Botha, and raised his head above his stone, only to find himself hit in the neck. That was one to Botha, who jumped up, elated. Sampson at once dropped him. "Got him!" said Sampson, and raised himself to look. "Got him!" said Botha, as he put a bullet into his adversary's side; but he showed himself too soon, for Sampson brought the score to evens. In later years they yarned about the occurrence over drinks in Johannesburg.

THE QUALITY OF MERCY

"I'd give five years of my life to get out of this scrape," said the prisoner at the bar. "I'll let you out with three," said the judge, as he passed sentence.

LONG-RECORD RIDES

THE WAR correspondents in South Africa in their recent despatches have dwelt on the so-called record-breaking performances of the British cavalry in the Transvaal. There was, for instance, the fine ride of the Natal Mounted Carbineers, who rode 85 miles in 12 hours over the sun-scorched veldt, or the dash of French's horse for the relief of Kimberley, when the troopers stayed in the saddle for more than seven hours and then rode for five miles at full gallop into the beleaguered town. While these rides are worth boasting of, they cannot be classed as record-breakers. Of course, the ride of a body of cavalry in their full equipments, which burdens every horse with nearly 250 pounds, must not be compared with long-distance records achieved by single riders in racing trim, such as Count Stahrenberg, who rode one horse over a distance of 350 miles in 70 hours, or Baron Cotter, who rode from Vienna to Paris, a distance of 625 miles, in 124 days. One of the most famous long-distance rides in history was that of King Charles XII. of Sweden, who in 1714 rode from Demetia in Turkey to Stralsund in Sweden, a distance of 1,300 miles, in a fortnight. On that occasion the king rode night and day, accompanied only by one officer, both taking care of their own horses and never changing their clothes.

The present South African records were eclipsed as long ago as 1842, when Dick King, a British despatch rider, covered the 600 miles from Port Natal to Grahamstown in 9 days, crossing seven large rivers and numberless smaller spruins on the way. King's ride resulted in the relief of the hard-pressed British garrison of Port Natal, which was then besieged by Beers. Many years afterward, Archibald Forbes, the famous war correspondent, made another South African record when he carried the first news of the battle of Ulundi to the nearest telegraph instrument, riding 110 miles in 15 hours to do so.

Thanks to the wide stretches of plains and ceaseless depredations of elusive Indians, the American cavalry and Northwest Mounted Police of Canada, perhaps, have more opportunities for creating records in riding than any other army in the world. Thus the recent record of the Natal Carbineers was anticipated, but a few years ago, by a troop of U. S. Cavalry commanded by Captain S. F. Fountain, who rode 84 miles in 8 hours. Then there was the celebrated half-day ride of 60 miles done by the Texas Rangers at the time of their last unpleasantness with Mexican cattle thieves on the Rio Grande. Another famous long-distance ride stands to the credit of the late General Lawton. As the bearer of certain important despatches in 1876 he rode to General Crook's headquarters at Red Cloud from Sidney, Neb., covering 125 miles in 26 hours without changing his horse. It is recorded that, although his mount arrived in fair condition, the rider looked five years older than he did the day before.

SAME OLD WAY

CURIOUS OLD LADY: "How did you come to this, poor man?"
Convict: "I was drove to it, lady."
Curious Old Lady: "Were you, really?"
Convict: "Yes, they bring me in the Black Maria, as usual!"

A PREMIUM ON ORIGINALITY

WRITER: "But you promised me regular rates. There were over three thousand words in that article."

PUBLISHER: "Yes, I know; but there were so many words repeated again and again. There is the word 'and,' for instance, occurring in the first page no less than seventy-five times."

The Improved BOSTON GARTER

The Standard for Gentlemen

ALWAYS EASY

The Name "BOSTON GARTER" is stamped on every loop.

The **Velvet Grip** CUSHION BUTTON CLASP

Lies flat to the leg—never Slips, Tears nor Unfastens.

SOLD EVERYWHERE.

Sample pair, Silk tie, Cotton tie. Mailed on receipt of price. **GEO. FROST CO., Makers Boston, Mass., U.S.A.**

EVERY PAIR WARRANTED

MONEY MAKER

And save. Print your cards, circulars, booklets, newspapers, with our \$1 or \$15 printing press. Type setting easy, printed rules sent. For name of boy. Send for catalog, press, type, paper, to factory.

The Press Co., Meriden, Conn.

The merit of Ripans
Is stated in brief—
In dread constipation,
"One gives relief."

FIRST-CLASS LINE



CHICAGO-OMAHA ILLINOIS CENTRAL MISSISSIPPI VALLEY ROUTE RAILROAD

Via Rockford, Freeport, Dubuque, Independence, Waterloo, Webster City, Fort Dodge, Rockwell City, Denison and Council Bluffs.

DOUBLE DAILY SERVICE

Buffet-library-smoking cars, sleeping cars, free reclining chair cars, dining cars. Tickets of agents of I. C. R. R. and connecting lines.

A. H. HANSON, G. P. A., Chicago.

Im 17 JEWELLED

adjusted, patent regulator, extra watch and alarm set, guaranteed.

NATIONAL SPECIAL

movement for 10 years. Guaranteed 20 years. 14K Gold plate having case, elegantly engraved. Fit for a king. No better watch made. Must be seen to be appreciated. Special offer for next 10 days, send your full name and address and we will send this watch C.O.D. with privilege to examine it and express charges. A guarantee and beautiful chain and charm sent free with every watch. Write at once as this may not appear again.

234 Dearborn St., 8th Fl., Chicago, Ill.

TRY 4 Bottles "P. M. O'Bryan's" Rye or Bourbon Whiskey. Its Purity and Age guaranteed by Gov't stamp. \$3.00 for 4 full quarts. Express paid. O'Bryan Bros., 235 W. Main St., Louisville, Ky.

RUB

your feet with HERRICK'S S.E.O. A white solidified liniment. It gives instant relief and cures all foot ailments. Large box by mail 10c, as trial.

Hutton Remedy Co., Dept. D, Buffalo, N. Y.

ZAMBESI - GEM!

The discovery of the age; the only rival of the diamond at 200 cents. cata. free. **ROBEY & CO., Dept. 10, 338 Dearborn, Chicago.**

PARKER'S HAIR BALM

Cleanse and beautify the scalp. Promotes a luxuriant growth. Never Fails to Restore Gray Hair to its Youthful Color. Cures scalp diseases, itching, dandruff, and all hair troubles.

50c and \$1.00 at all drug stores.



What Must be.

The purest type of the purest whiskey must be old, pure, mellow.

The American Gentleman's whiskey must be this or nothing.

The favorite of first-class Cafes, Hotels, and Clubs must be this.

Physicians prescribe only such.

All these superior qualities are combined in

Hunter Baltimore Rye

There must be no deception and Hunter whiskey never deceives or disappoints.

Sold at all First-class Cafes and by Jobbers. WM. LANAHAN & SON, Baltimore, Md.

Free Trial 20 DAYS
in your own home before paying a cent. WE PREPAY FREIGHT. Save \$15 to \$40 by buying High-Grade Machines direct from factory. **Full Set of Attachments FREE.** 10 years' Guarantee. Illustrated catalogue sent free. Address **National Mercantile Co.,** Dept. T, Toledo, Ohio.

POULTRY PAPER, illustrated, 20 pages, 25 cents per year. 4 months' trial for 10 cents. Sample free. 64-page practical poultry book free to yearly subscribers. Book alone 10 cents. CATALOGUE of poultry books free. **Poultry Advocate**, Syracuse, N. Y.



You Hear!
when you use
Wilson's Common Ear Drums
The only scientific sound conductors. Invisible, comfortable, efficient. They fit in the ear. Doctors recommend them. Thousands testify to their perfection and to benefit derived. Information and book of letters from many users, free. **WILSON EAR DRUM CO.,** 162 Trust Bldg., Louisville, Ky.

Oh! So Fat!
The Specific Obesitine reduces fat even after repeated failures with so-called other cures. Respiration improved AT ONCE; safe, no dieting, no purge. 25c. and \$1.00. **GOODRICH & CO.,** Dept. V, 935 Arch St., Phila., Pa. Samples and circulars FREE.

IF YOU HAVE Rheumatism

and drugs and doctors fail to cure you write to me, and I will send you free a trial package of a simple remedy, which cured me and thousands of others, whose cases of over 30 years' standing. This is no humbug or deception but an honest remedy that you can test without spending a cent. I recently cured a lady who had been an invalid for 52 years. Address **JOHN A. SMITH, 628 Germania Bldg., Milwaukee, Wis.**

A SICILIAN STATESMAN

A CORRESPONDENT from Palermo gives a curious sketch of the Deputy, Signor Palizzolo, whose arrest on the charge of having procured the murder of Commendatore Notarbartolo six years ago by hired assassins has caused such a sensation throughout Italy. He was known to dispose of the forces of the Mafia, the irrepressible secret organization of crime in Sicily, and his house was besieged by a clientele of persons desirous of his influence, lawful or illicit. Of these he daily held a levee in the most literal sense, as he received in bed, got up and performed all the operations of the toilet in public. In the heterogeneous crowd, magistrates, judges and public functionaries were intermingled with suspicious characters or ticket-of-leave men seeking permission to carry arms, civic officials desirous of municipal contracts, students anxious for a certificate of a scholastic year or term they had not passed, all the rank and file of the army of corruption were at his bedside or in his anteroom.

THE RULING PASSION

"THERE'S been quite a change in old Backbite, hasn't there?"
"How so?"
"He has taken to riding a wheel."
"I can't see that that's any change. He'll still continue to run down his neighbors."

A TRUE HOST

"THE COOLEST man I ever saw," said a New York fireman, "I met at a fire in a dwelling-house on Fifth Avenue. We found him in an upstairs front room, dressing to go out. The fire by this time was surging up through the house at a great rate.

"'Halloo, there!' we hollered at him when we looked in at the door, 'the house is afire!'"
"Would it disturb you if I should remain while you are putting it out?" he said, lifting the comb from his hair and looking round at us. He had on a white evening waistcoat, and his dress-coat lay across a chair.

"Seeing us staring at him, he dropped his comb into his hair again and went on combing. But, as a matter of fact, he was about ready. He put down the comb, put on his coat and hat, and picked up his overcoat."

"Now I'm ready, gentlemen," he said.
"We started, but the stairway had now been closed up by fire. We turned to the windows. The boys had got a ladder up to the front of the house."

"Now then," we said to him, when we came to the window.

"After you, gentlemen," he said, standing back. And I'm blessed if we didn't have to go down the ladder first.

THE EUROPEAN BREAKFAST

"How CAN you afford to go to Paris this year?"

"Why, we've figured out that what we will save on our breakfasts alone will pay all our other expenses and leave us a good round sum besides."

A RADICAL CURE

A SOUTH AFRICAN farmer who had lost some cows by the cattle plague was fully persuaded that he had himself been attacked by the epidemic. Forthwith he hurried off and consulted his medical man, who tried to laugh him out of the absurd notion, but to no purpose.

The farmer then went to an old, well-known practitioner, who, being a bit of a wag and seeing how matters stood, entered minutely into the details of the case, expressed his concurrence with the patient's views, and told him he could cure him.

The doctor thereupon wrote a prescription, sealed it up, and told the farmer to go to a druggist in the next town.

The farmer lost no time in going with the prescription, but was somewhat startled when the druggist showed him the formula, which ran thus:

"This man has the cattle plague. Take him into the back yard and shoot him, according to law."

That cured him.

AN ISSUE OF VERACITY

THE HEAD of the household was late getting home. He was very late. It was long past midnight. Indeed, the little clock on the hall mantel had just struck three o'clock when he came walking in. He had been out with the boys, and his wife reproached him.

"Why, it's early yet. It's not late."

Just then the bedroom clock sounded one, two, three.

The wife looked at him with grim rebuke. He caught her eye and jerked out this reply: "Well, now, if you want to believe that darned dollar-and-a-half clock before your dear husband, I have nothing to say."

A Good Complexion

Depends on Good Digestion.

This is almost an axiom, although usually we are apt to think that cosmetics, face powders, lotions, fancy soaps, etc., are the secrets for securing a clear complexion. But all these are simply superficial assistants.

It is impossible to have a good complexion unless the digestive organs perform their work properly; unless the stomach by properly digesting the food taken into it furnishes an abundance of pure blood, a good complexion is impossible.

This is the reason so many ladies are using Stuart's Dyspepsia Tablets, because they promptly cure any stomach trouble and they have found out that perfect digestion means a perfect complexion and one that does not require cosmetics and powders to enhance its beauty.

Many ladies diet themselves or deny themselves many articles of food solely in order to keep their complexion clear. When Stuart's Dyspepsia Tablets are used no such dieting is necessary; take these tablets and eat all the good wholesome food you want and you need have no fear of indigestion nor the sallow, dull complexion which nine women out of ten have, solely because they are suffering from some form of indigestion.

Bear in mind that beauty proceeds from good health, good health results from perfect digestion and we have advanced the best argument to induce every man and woman to give this splendid remedy a trial.

Stuart's Dyspepsia Tablets can be found in drug stores and cost but 50 cents per package.

If there is any derangement of the stomach or bowels they will remove it and the resultant effects are, good digestion, good health and a clear, bright complexion.

Learn to Write "Ads"
We will teach you this business practically and thoroughly. **WYMAN & Co.**, advertisement writers, earn large salaries. The demand is large—your prospects big. Instruction is personal and private. Send for full particulars.
Page-Davis Correspondence School of Ads, 503 Madison Temple, Chicago.

ALL WOOL SERGE SUIT
MAN'S SUIT MADE FROM PARKER'S BEST BLUE \$4.95
SERGE CHEVIOT famous for its perfect weave and rich dark blue color. It's fine all wool, medium weight, and will positively not fade. Guaranteed equal to others' \$10.00 suits.
Expert Tailors will make the suit in latest sack style, to fit perfectly, line it with fine super gloss farmer satin, pad and stiffen it so it will always retain its perfect shape and sew with pure silk and linen thread. Send this Ad. to us and we'll send free a large cloth sample of the blue serge cheviot suit and our big book containing 30 fine cloth samples of other made to order suits from \$5.95 to \$20.00. We make all grades and styles of suits to order in our own mammoth tailor shops and sell to consumers at lowest wholesale factory prices. Write to-day. **New's Suits Free**—We give suits away free and furnish a suit to wear while you are earning one, in addition you can make \$2.50 to \$5.00 a day while earning suits. Hundreds are doing it. You can too. **SEND ONE 2-CENT STAMP** to help pay mailing charges for complete outfit with which you can easily earn a suit and make big money. Write to-day.
THE LOUIS N. VEHON CO., 155 W. Jackson St., Chicago, Ill.

MONEY CAN BE MADE IN WALL ST.
If you are interested send your name and address. **RICHARD JONES,** Stocks and Grain, 404 Exchange Place, N. Y.

EASILY EARNED. No Money Required. Samples FREE.
You can earn this splendid Couch, 76x36 in., extra large, upholstered in three colored figured velours, tapestry or corduroy, best steel springs, deeply tufted, very heavy fringe, worth \$12 in any retail store, by selling only \$13 worth of our High Grade Toilet Soaps or Perfumes among your friends and neighbors at 25c per box or bottle. We trust you for the Soap and Perfume. Our handsome illustrated catalogue showing various premiums including Bicycles, Watches, Cameras, Guitars, Rockers, Silverware, Tea Sets, etc. Sent Free. Don't miss this wonderful offer. Write today.
BULLOCK, WARD & CO., Dept. 15 Fifth Ave., Chicago.

HAIR ON THE FACE, NECK, ARMS OR ANY PART OF THE PERSON QUICKLY DISSOLVED AND REMOVED WITH THE NEW SOLUTION
MODENE
Without the slightest injury or discoloration of the most delicate skin. Discovered by Accident.
In Compounding, an incomplete mixture was accidentally spilled on the back of the hand, and, on washing afterward, it was discovered that the hair was completely removed. We purchased the new discovery and named it MODENE. It is perfectly pure, free from all injurious substances, and so simple any one can use it. It acts mildly but surely, and you will be surprised and delighted with the results. Apply for a few minutes and the hair disappears as if by magic. It has no resemblance whatever to any other preparation ever used for like purposes, and no scientific discovery ever attained such wonderful results. **IT CAN NOT FAIL.** If the growth be light, one application will remove it; the heavy growth, such as the beard or growth on moles, may require two or more applications, and without slightest injury or unpleasant feeling when applied or ever afterward. MODENE SUPERSEDES ELECTROLYSIS.
Recommended by all who have tested its Merits.
Used by People of Refinement.
Gentlemen who do not appreciate nature's gift of a beard, will find a priceless boon in Modene, which does away with shaving, and is guaranteed to be as harmless as water to the skin. Young persons who find an embarrassing growth of hair coming, should use Modene. Modene sent by mail, in safety mailing cases, postage paid (securely sealed from observation), on receipt of price, \$1.00 per bottle. Send money by letter, with your full address written plainly. **FREE** Correspondence sacredly private. Postage stamps received the same as cash. [Always mention your county and this paper.]
LEGAL AND GENERAL AGENTS MODENE MANUFACTURING CO., Dept. 85, CINCINNATI, O. Manufacturers of the Highest Grade Hair Preparations. You can register your letter at any Post-office to insure its safe delivery.
We Offer \$1,000 FOR FAILURE OR THE SLIGHTEST INJURY. **EVERY BOTTLE GUARANTEED.**

EARN THIS 112 PIECE DINNER SET.
DON'T SEND ANY MONEY
Simply send your name and address & we will send you 5 doz. sets of Ladies Beauty Pins (each set with an exquisite Jewel) to sell at 25c a set. When sold, send us the money and we will send you this handsome China Dinner Set, beautifully decorated and trimmed with Gold. Not a toy set, but full size for family use. No charge for packing and boxing. If you cannot sell all the sets we will send you a handsome present for those you do sell. Don't miss this liberal offer. We trust you and will run all the risk. Write to-day.
The Maxwell Co., Dept. 77 St. Louis, Mo.

A NEW STYLE
HANFORD 23 1/2 IN
HYLO 21 1/2 IN
HEIGHT IN BACK
WELT EDGE

Neck Comfort
The Hanford and Hylo Collars above shown, are designed to meet the demand for a shape that is comfortable for warm weather, yet dressy. The Welt Edge is an attractive new feature. We make Collars and Cuffs exclusively. Giving our entire attention to this one line enables us to give you the best goods—like each, two for 25c. Ask your dealer for **HELMET BRAND** Collars. If he does not carry them send to us, stating size desired.
"Correct Dress for All Occasions" described in catalogue—sent free.

CORLISS, COON & CO.
Dept. R. Troy, N. Y.

HELMET BRAND

SCIO 3 1/2
RANCH 10 21 1/2 IN
BATTERY A 23 1/2 IN
TROOP C 25 1/2 IN

LAKEWOOD 31 1/2 IN
OPORTO 23 1/2 IN
OTISCO 21 1/2 IN

2 FOR 25c

AMEER 3 1/2
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CASMA 21 1/2 IN

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CORLISS, COON & CO.

SPORT TRAVEL ADVENTURE

EDITED BY WALTER CAMP.

WONDERFUL EXPLOITS OF THE ITALIAN CAVALRY

THE BODY-GUARD of the King of Italy, though comparatively small in number, is in many respects one of the finest of its kind in Europe. It is composed of a squadron selected from the Royal Carabineers, with a special uniform, and was instituted by the late King Victor Emmanuel, on the occasion of the marriage of his son, the present King Humbert. This squadron furnishes the palace guard, attends the king at parades and public ceremonies, and forms his personal escort in war. On state occasions the officers and men of the squadron wear burnished steel breast-plates, from which the regiment from which it is drawn derives its designation of Cuirassiers.

The royal squadron is composed of one captain, four lieutenants, and one hundred guards, chosen for their stature and physique, none being less than six feet in height, which is the standard. The uniform is rich and attractive, somewhat resembling that of the Horse Guards of the British Army, but more showy. At state parades the full dress is white breeches of dressed goat-skin, high, black, patent-leather boots, black coat with red stripes, white gauntlets, steel breast-plate with the royal arms in gold, and a helmet with black horse-hair plume. The arms are a carbine and sabre, and the horses of the squadron are remarkable for their great size. The illustrations of the guards in full uniform convey an excellent idea of the splendid spectacle they present when on parade or forming the sovereign's escort on state occasions.

The present commander of the Cuirassiers of the Guard is Captain Ulderico d'Alessandro, a distinguished cavalier, and formerly a lieutenant of the squadron. Though he was promoted to the command only a short time ago, he quickly succeeded in imbuing his men with his own energy. Intelligent, and an expert athlete, he has developed equestrian and gymnastic sports in his squadron with splendid results. These may be seen in the illustrations, showing the officers jumping three-barred fences and riding downstairs. Also in those depicting the men in full uniform jumping a water-course, and four troopers dismounted clearing a high fence. The wonderful perfection of the training given the squadron is seen in the picture of troopers sliding their horses down a steep slope, and in that where another trooper is shown jumping over a cliff. As a rule such feats are performed only by men of moderate size and stature; it is therefore all the more remarkable to see these exercises carried out by men almost giants in size with the agility and dexterity of lighter weights. Captain d'Alessandro himself is six feet three inches in height, and is an example to his squadron in all feats of hardihood and dexterity, whether on foot or mounted, and was the first to demonstrate the feasibility of exploits that were not only dangerous in appearance, but seemed almost impossible to be achieved.

As an eye-witness of the performances says, it is hardly possible for those who have not seen the squadron at work to form any conception of the agility which these giants have acquired through continual practice and training.

Nearly equal in their gymnastic training, and vastly more numerous, are the sharpshooter regiments of the Italian army, otherwise known as the Bersaglieri. Their picturesque costume, which consists of an easy-fitting short black tunic and wide, loose knickerbockers of the same color with crimson trimmings, gaiters, and round topped felt hat with leather brim, and a tuft of black plumes hanging to the right, together with their rapid swinging pace of thirty-two inches on the march, give them a dashing, dare-devil appearance, which their conduct on many battlefields has proved to be real. They are undoubtedly among the very best troops in the Italian army. The idea of their formation was first put forward by the Marquis Alessandro Ferretti della Marmora, who, in 1835, proposed to Charles Albert, King of Piedmont, the organization of a company of sharpshooters with which he intended to demonstrate the future tactics in war.

The king gave his assent to the proposal, and the original two companies with which the corps of sharpshooters started have now expanded into twelve regiments, one for each army corps, with three battalions each. The rank and file are carefully selected men of medium height, broad-chested, agile, capable of undergoing great hardships, executing long-distance, rapid marches, hill-climbing, and other work incidental to mountain warfare. They have no hands, but only a bugle corps; and their arms are a repeating rifle with short sword-bayonet.



HUMBERT I., KING OF ITALY, AND HIS BODY-GUARD AS THEY APPEAR ON EXHIBITION DAYS

AT THE HUNDRED-YARD RANGE

A CHEER FOR THE CAPTAIN

COLONEL APPLETON AND HIS STAFF



A VOLLEY FIRE BY COMPANY B—

AT THE HUNDRED-YARD RANGE

AT THE CREEDMOOR RIFLE RANGE

THE SEVENTH NEW YORK REGIMENT

INTERNATIONAL ATHLETICS
The management at the University of Pennsylvania has just announced a plan for the trying out of American college aspirants for Parisian and English honors in the shape of an invitation track tournament to be held at Philadelphia on the 12th of June. It is planned especially for college athletes, but will be open to all amateur athletes who intend entering the Parisian games. The events, as announced, will be the 60 metre, 100 metre, 200 metre, 400 metre, 800 metre—flat races; 110 metre, 400 metre, and 2,000 metre—hurdle races; and a 2,500 metre steeplechase. For field events there will be the jumps, including hop skip-and-jump, pole-vault, weight contests, and quoit throwing.

BOATING PLANS
The plans for the New London boat race have been vigorously pushed this year, and the arrangements for spectators will be better than ever before. Instead of the old days, with dangerous platform cars built up into observation cars, modernly equipped cars for the purpose will be lined on each side of the river: on one side by the Central Vermont, and on the other by the New York, New Haven and Hartford. It is said that the Central Vermont is constructing an especial train for the purpose with a platform between the cars.

An especial effort this year will be made to see that the course is kept clear. Last year the opening of the bridge for a steamer after the freshman race was started came very near bringing about a serious disaster, and certainly almost swamped both boats. It is said that a promise has been extracted this year that will be kept. But every one heard last year that the bridge would not be opened after a certain time, and consequently faith in such promises has been badly shattered.

NEW LONDON RACE
The Yale crew as it will row at New London will probably contain two men who have not formerly been in a university race of some sort. These two men are Blagden and Atkinson. Blagden is the man who rowed on the Yale freshman boat last year, and Atkinson rowed in the freshman boat two years ago. The rest of the crew is made up of men who have been under more than one school of rowing, and while they certainly seem to have acquired a uniformity of style, there is always the old question of how much artificiality there may be in that apparent uniformity, and whether, at the time of trial and when tired, they will not lapse each into his special early rowing form. That would be indeed a serious breaking up in the Yale boat.

The best part of the crew's work at New Haven certainly exhibited more finish and better body work than the last year's crew displayed at the same time in the year. This crew, like last year's, however, seem to lack what the Englishmen call "devil," and it is that fighting spirit which must

be put into them during the last days of the training. A short time ago there was a noticeable hang over the catch, but this has been eradicated, or rather, it has been transferred to an earlier part of the recovery, and the blades are still out of water longer than they should be to make the stroke an ideal one. The crew has been criticised as being an unduly heavy one, but I doubt if they go into the race much heavier than the men they go against.

Columbia will send up to the Poughkeepsie Poughkeepsie race a crew selected by Dr. Peet which, while not so carefully finished as last year, will have a much more effective stroke, and the chances are a far more satisfactory one. At the present writing Captain Mackay has a crew whose average weight will be about 162 pounds. But Columbia's proposition is a pretty serious one when it comes to meeting the crews which will this year line the Hudson.

CONDITIONS AT CAMBRIDGE
At Cambridge the latter part of May there was a shake-up in the boat in which several changes were made. This, it was said, was due to dissatisfaction with the time trials, but part at least of the changes had been contemplated for some time. Furthermore, the principle which has been commented upon before in these columns, and which has been a cardinal one with coach Storrow, was made more emphatic by this shifting. That principle is that the spirit of competition is to be made to keep men up to the mark to the very last moment, and that the men who sit in the boat eventually will be verily a survival of the fittest. A little raggedness will be forgiven, but lack of dash and hard work will not, and whatever else may mark the Harvard crew at New London this year, it is certain not to be a lack of spirit. It will be remembered last year that quite well down to the day of the race the Harvard crew found difficulty in getting together and keeping the boat well on her bottom. There were times when they displayed exceptional speed, but it was for only short distances, and then things began to go wrong and the boat to roll. This deceived a great many into the belief that Harvard would certainly be beaten. The men had been rowing several days at New London before the coaches found much to hope for because of this inability to keep together. But the life and dash was in the boat, and when just before the race they did begin to keep the shell going steadily, that power began to tell, and it won them the race. The Yale crew last year did not row badly, but they did show inferiority to Harvard in this respect and were beaten accordingly. The two strokes, while differing in certain details, are nowhere near as far apart as they used to be in the old days, but the way the men performed them, if one may be allowed to use this distinction, is different. The point which seems most

strongly in Harvard's favor is that their oars are covered longer than the Yale blades. On the other hand, the way in which they start the slide, almost instantly with the shoulder, while perhaps not as good theoretically as the Yale method, was a marked feature of the Harvard crew last year, and the Yale men are coming much closer to it this season.

Boating interest is at its height in Cambridge, and it is safe to say that no crew has been so well known and understood throughout the university, owing to the increase in boating knowledge, as the one which will represent Harvard this year.
WALTER CAMP.

THE CREEDMOOR RIFLE RANGE

THE Creedmoor Rifle Range, established in 1871, remains the most perfectly appointed rifle practice grounds in the United States. The regulations governing the National Guard of the State of New York require that both privates and officers devote a considerable time each summer to field practice. The interest of the privates in this practice is stimulated by the possibility of winning the marksmanship badge, which is one of the decorations provided by the State. After a winter's practice in the armory the citizen-soldier is prepared for outdoor work at the targets on the Creedmoor range. This preparatory work in the armories has proved so excellent that the percentage of men qualifying at the State range shows a marked increase each year.

The routine of the practice work on the Creedmoor range does not prove irksome to the National Guardsmen. They are first marched by companies to the short range of one hundred yards, where they are ordered to fire five rounds standing. This preliminary volley has little value, because the men have not yet obtained the proper range; it serves merely to accustom them to the distance. The second volley is fired, while kneeling, at the target stationed two hundred yards from the men. The third and fourth volleys are fired at what are known as three hundred and five hundred yard targets, the men lying flat on the ground. Here the most earnest work is expected and is done.

It is usually found that the marksman is so raw that the services of the company's coach are necessary. The coach is familiar with all the tricks of the wind and with the best methods of finding the range quickly. To that end the coach adjusts the range-finder and wind gauge on the private's gun. The companies are then ready for the competition in volley firing. The trophies offered these companies lend an element of interest to the contest. The officers are by no means exempt from practice. They use small arms at shorter range targets, and the sense of rivalry among them is as keen as among the privates.



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ARRIVAL OF THE BOER ENVOYS IN HOBOKEN



PARADE OF THE BOER ENVOYS AND THE RECEPTION COMMITTEE IN HOBOKEN

THE ST. LOUIS STRIKE

SINCE MAY 8, when the motormen, conductors and grip-men of the railway lines of the St. Louis Transit Company initiated a strike, that city has been in a more or less disturbed state. A few weeks previously the employees of the suburban lines had struck work, so that the citizens of St. Louis were left almost completely without the means of local transportation. Ninety million dollars of capital was pitted against the determination of four thousand strikers. The demand of the men was for customary recognition of their union by the employing company. The company firmly refused the trolley men's union any voice as to whether it should employ union or non-union men, and would not yield its privilege of discharging men without assigning a specific reason for doing so. Besides this question of trades-unionism,

a demand for a fixed wage-rate of twenty cents an hour was involved, although the real issue centred round the fight of the men for the recognition of their union.

On the first day of the strike the company succeeded in running one car only, which carried mail and was protected by the police. All along the street car lines rioting was indulged in by the strikers or their sympathizers, and several shooting affrays took place. During the succeeding days all attempts on the part of the company to operate their service met with failure, for no sooner did a car appear than it was mobbed by the waiting crowds.

The strikers are now said to be planning a general lock-out of all the trade-unions in St. Louis; but, although they are at present receiving the financial and moral support of the other bodies of organized labor, it is, at this writing, problematical whether their efforts in this direction will prove successful.

THE BOER ENVOYS AND THEIR MISSION

THE THREE ENVOYS of the Boer republics have arrived in this country after a rather unsuccessful trip through part of Europe. The embassy consists of Abraham Fischer, a member of the Executive Council of the Orange Free State; C. H. Wessels, chairman of the Free State Volksraad; and A. D. W. Wolmarans, a member of the Executive Council of the South African Republic.

On reaching Europe they went at once to The Hague, where they were well received; but, despite their most earnest efforts, they failed utterly in their mission of enlisting the aid of the European powers in restoring peace between their countries and Great Britain. Seeing that further effort in



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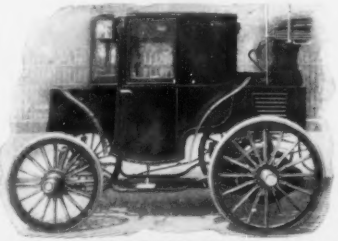
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Europe would be fruitless, they came to this country.

Mr. Fischer, who has acted as head of the embassy, is a short stout man, with snowy beard, and is blind in his left eye. He is a well-educated person, with a thorough knowledge of English and a judicial training that shows itself in every utterance. He was born in the Cape Colony, but was brought up in England, where he obtained a degree of barrister-at-law. Subsequently he settled in Bloemfontein, where soon he became so popular that he was elected to the Volksraad. Next he was elevated to the Executive Committee, a position he held up to the time of his leaving South Africa.

Mr. Wessels is a veritable giant of six feet three, with a dark beard. From his kindly manner an inborn humor crops out, despite the seriousness of his task. He is a native of the Free State and graduated from Gray College, Bloemfontein. He has held many important government offices, in addition to being the virtual head of the Free State National Bank. The Transvaal member of the embassy is Mr. Wolmarans, another giant, six feet one, whose grave, careworn face indicates the sorrow he bears, for he has lost more than a dozen relatives in the war so far. He comes from one of the best known and most respected families in South Africa.

The envoys intend to travel about the United States in the hope of arousing public sentiment in their behalf, and, possibly, of ultimately securing the assistance of the Administration in terminating the war. But they do not propose to go so far as to ask for armed intervention. A manifestation of American public opinion would, they think, be sufficient to compel England to accord fairer treatment to the republic than she has given them in the past.

Should all negotiations for honorable peace fail, it is the determination of the Boers, declare their envoys, to fight to the bitter end. The taking of Pretoria, they assert, will not mean the submission of the two states. The Free State capital can be moved to another town, and, in the last extremity, any farmhouse will serve as a seat of government for a nation fighting for its liberty.

There are many sponsors for the Boers, willing to voice the unspoken sentiments of the envoys. Here, then, is the brief, as conceived by a member of the Boer committee, which these envoys would present to the American nation:

"Our government has made concession after concession in the hope that eventually we would be able to satisfy the British demands and maintain peace in our land. We sought no war; we asked only to be left alone, with our liberty intact."

"We have no quarrel with the British people. We have never harmed them, and could and would have lived peaceably and on good terms with them. Had the policy of the British government been less short-sighted, South Africa would have been a land of peace and plenty, instead of a bloody shambles. The British people were fooled into this war by scheming financiers and politicians. Had the British people and our people been able to discuss the questions under consideration, without the nefarious intervention of those financially interested in having war, there would never have been any serious disagreement."

"As to the future, we cannot say much. Until we have seen President McKinley we cannot make public our intentions. We can only say that we are convinced that the American public will espouse our cause—for we are in the right and are battling for liberty against overwhelming odds. America has much more at stake in South Africa than is generally known. If Britain thinks it worth while to lose thirty thousand men and to spend two hundred million dollars to annex the two republics, they must certainly be of great value to such a commercial country as America. America is face to face with a splendid opportunity, not only humanitarian, but industrial. Let her move actively in our behalf, let her do her best for the preservation of our liberty, and she shall be liberally rewarded. We are only human, and we have our likes and dislikes as other peoples have. That we should dislike British jingo politicians and trimming bosses is only natural. That we should feel devotedly thankful to a people that will aid us in our hour of need is also natural. We shall need much when quiet reigns once more in South Africa. We shall need agricultural implements, and clothing, and a thousand and one other things. Let America aid us, and what more natural than that trade should follow where the sentiment of gratitude has gone before."

"But no matter what may happen, unless Britain grants liberty we will continue guerilla warfare as long as a Boer remains. Free States or Transvaalers may lay down their arms to-day, to gain their own ends, but they will take them up again when the right time comes. A cat may have nine lives, but the battle for liberty has nine hundred times nine lives."

"We pray that the American people will aid us with their sympathy—that they will ask of Britain that she give us our liberty—that they will sustain us in our struggle, even as they were sustained when they fought for the God given right to govern themselves."

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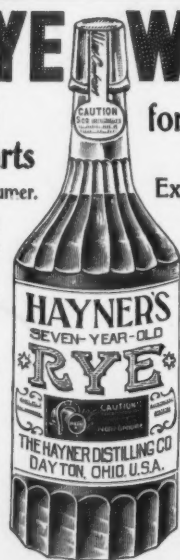
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